

The Nation.

January 8/15 1990

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EDITORIAL

GUN-BARREL DEMOCRACY

When a superpower allows its satellites to arrange their own affairs, the results can be astounding: Four Eastern European regimes have been swept away, almost without bloodshed. But Moscow's renunciation of empire inspires no similar feelings in Washington. On the contrary, George Bush has taken it as carte blanche to run amok in the U.S. backyard, where in the 1980s the death toll climbed to six figures—a carnage now swelled by unnumbered Panamanians. Even heads of state are considered fair game.

A new Panamanian president has been duly sworn in, flanked by an army of occupation. In this he greatly resembles the country's first rulers, who were installed in 1903 as U.S. Army officers ran up Panama's first flag while gunboats waited offshore. All, then as now, in the name of democracy—as if democracy could be shot from the barrel of a gun. The United States has trashed that honorable word as thoroughly as the German "Democratic" Republic did. Bush toasted Ferdinand Marcos for his love of democracy; Salvadoran Nazis are applauded for defending it; the assassins of Beijing are praised for moving in a democratic direction.

The United States is a country in search of enemies, and the Panama invasion is a major step toward cementing in place a new external demon—the *narcotraficante*—to supplant the outmoded menace of Communism. While it strips away any illusion of Bush as a foreign policy moderate, the invasion also conveniently diverts attention from his vertiginous loss of control in El Salvador and the wreckage of the "war on drugs"—his only real domestic program. And it engineers a national consensus for a facile morality play about good guys and bad guys. For Latin Americans, meanwhile, there are still only three words of English worth learning: Yankee Go Home.

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PHILIPPINES COUP ATTEMPT

HOW CORY SQUANDERED PEOPLE POWER

JOHN CAVANAGH
AND ROBIN BROAD

The streets of the Philippines came alive in 1989. On May Day nearly 150,000 workers marched through the country's major cities, demanding an increase in the abysmally low minimum wage. More than 100,000 public schoolteachers—joined at times by up to 400,000 government workers—braved the torrential tropical rains of August in a three-week strike for higher pay.

Yet in early December, when a faction of the Philippine military came perilously close to toppling the government of Corazon Aquino, most people stayed home. While U.S. F-4 Phantom jets roared over Manila to block the coup, the millions of people who carried Aquino into office nearly four years ago made clear their ambivalence toward a government that had promised much and delivered little.

It was not that they sided with the power-hungry coup plotters, most of whom remain at large. The plotters, products of Ferdinand Marcos's grotesquely bloated military, have undoubtedly been emboldened by their near victory in this sixth coup attempt against Aquino. They are likely to strike again. And they might well succeed next time unless Aquino dramatically changes course by rekindling her "people-power" agenda and broadening her increasingly shaky political base.

Aquino's current predicament is at least partially rooted in a glaring error she committed during her first year in power. At a time when she had considerably more popu-

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LETTERS.

JET SET

Pasadena, Calif.

In their November 20 editorial, "Plutonium Con," Karl Grossman and Judith Long use information Grossman obtained in a Freedom of Information Act request to accuse NASA of misleading the public and Congress about the feasibility of using solar power instead of RTGs [plutonium-powered generators] for the Galileo mission. This letter responds to Grossman and Long's false accusations.

In response to Grossman's F.O.I.A. request, NASA provided a number of technical documents discussing the solar array options for the Galileo mission. In addition, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory sent a number of additional studies as a courtesy. In fact, most of these (including those quoted in the article) have been available in the open literature for several years.

Grossman and Long use selective quotes to misrepresent the facts. For example, they use quotes from a study to suggest that the Galileo mission could have been powered by a concentrated solar array (CSA):

"Based on the current study, it appears that a Galileo Jupiter orbiting mission could be performed with a concentrated photovoltaic solar array power source without changing the mission sequence or impacting science objectives. . . . concentrated solar arrays (CSA) are a potentially viable alternative to RTG's despite the difficulties posed by the Galileo mission."

However, they fail to include two sentences from the same paragraph that assess the feasibility and readiness of CSA technology for powering the Galileo spacecraft:

As for Galileo, the severe environmental constraints and the embryonic state of CSA development indicate that a CSA will not displace the RTG on the Galileo mission. Galileo was selected as a trial case for a hypothetical CSA mission because its mission objectives are well defined and because a large amount of detailed planning already exists for the RTG spacecraft.

Grossman and Long also fail to mention that the CSA assessment was based on a shuttle launch configuration (i.e., the Shuttle Centaur) that NASA canceled because of astronaut safety concerns. They quote another document that states that RTGs are an expensive power source, and that a less expensive and feasible solar alternative would be desirable. The Advanced Photovoltaic Solar Array (APSA) is one avenue of research showing great conceptual promise. However, despite the continuing development of APSA and other alternative energy sources, RTGs remain the only available

power source for outer planet missions (i.e., missions beyond the orbit of Mars).

A spacecraft technology is only considered "flight-ready" when it can operate efficiently and reliably within the constraints posed by available launch vehicles, the operating limits and requirements of spacecraft instrumentation, and mission-specific temperature and radiation environments. As of yet, APSA and other alternative power sources have not been able to satisfy these constraints.

The safety aspects of the Galileo mission have been extensively reviewed not only by technical and health physics experts but also by Federal officials and the public. A number of review boards examined all RTG testing and analyses of the Galileo mission and concluded that the mission was safe to launch. These reviews included: (1) an independent assessment of the safety analysis by a Nuclear Safety Ad Hoc Working Group; (2) an environmental impact statement for which NASA solicited and received public comments; (3) an evaluation of the safety analysis by the Interagency Nuclear Safety Review Panel, a group of independent experts from government and private organizations; (4) a review and approval for launch by the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy; and (5) a judicial review by a Federal judge which validated NASA's full compliance with environmental regulations.

The Jet Propulsion Laboratory is fully supportive of open public debate on the issue of RTG safety, and would be happy to respond to any additional questions.

John R. Casani

Jet Propulsion Laboratory

GROSSMAN AND LONG REPLY

Sag Harbor, N.Y.

John Casani was the Jet Propulsion Laboratory's Galileo project manager. In that capacity he filed an affidavit in the lawsuit brought by the Christic Institute and others to block the Galileo launch because of its use of plutonium rather than alternative power sources such as solar energy. His affidavit states that J.P.L. studies had concluded that "solar power is not a viable option for the Galileo mission." He obviously wishes to perpetuate the plutonium con. Point by point:

NASA took more than two years to respond to the F.O.I.A. request for information on the consequences of plutonium release during Galileo and Ulysses missions, and on alternatives to plutonium power. It sent limited data on the impact of plutonium release and a one-page 1986 memo that suggested that research on the feasibility of using alternatives to plutonium, including solar power, be conducted. Moreover, NASA specifically stated it was holding back several J.P.L. documents, which it then re-

fused to release, even on appeal.

Five days after the Galileo launch, J.P.L. released those documents. They were extensive analyses, made over many years, of alternatives to plutonium power on Galileo and other space probe missions.

Concerning partial quotes, Casani notes this line from a report: "Severe environmental constraints and the embryonic state of CSA development indicate a CSA will not displace the RTG on the Galileo mission," but he omits the preceding passage: "The question arises whether this mission can even be performed with a CSA. The fact that *it can* be achieved with a CSA implies that many other less stressing missions should receive major benefits from use of a CSA power source."

As to how long it would take to develop the solar hardware, the report, "The Systems Impact of a Concentrated Solar Array on a Jupiter Mission," written by eight J.P.L. scientists under contract to NASA, stresses that there are no large technical barriers. According to its summary: "It appears that the Galileo mission could be successfully performed with a concentrated solar array power source. While the concentrated array concept still requires extensive development effort, no insurmountable system level barriers preclude the use of a concentrated solar array on this difficult mission."

Another J.P.L. report, "Galileo Power Subsystem Solar Array Power Option," done in 1986, estimates it would take two to three years with unlimited funding to develop the solar hardware to replace plutonium power on Galileo. The report by the eight scientists was done in 1981. If there had been the will by NASA, there was the way—and the time—to replace plutonium power on the Galileo mission. There still is a way to use solar power on future space missions; NASA needs only the will.

*Karl Grossman
Judith Long*

WHO WATCHES THE WATCHMEN?

New York City

Christopher Hitchens's November 20, 1989, "Minority Report" states that Edgar Chamorro "has now set himself to monitor" U.S. funding of the Nicaraguan election, and refers to a "recent document" written by him.

In fact, Edgar Chamorro is at present the director of the Managua office of a project of the Institute for Media Analysis, Inc., which the institute has established to monitor both the election campaign and the coverage it receives in the mainstream media. The "document" is one of his periodic reports for the institute.

Persons interested in additional information should write or call us: IMA, 145 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10012; (212) 254-1061. *William H. Schaap*

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EDITORIALS.

Body Invaders

The extension of routine drug testing to some 4 million private-industry employees by a Department of Transportation fiat that took effect in December is a horrendous assault on personal autonomy, individual liberty and constitutional rights. In its sweep and scope, the testing program is every bit as oppressive as the un-American activities investigations of the 1950s. And worse, drug testing of workers is just one small part of a vast campaign of control that seeks to examine every aspect of a person's physical, social and emotional

life—down to the genetic core—and subordinate the right of privacy to the imperatives of state power.

The D.O.T. regulations are rationalized by "safety" concerns (just as the McCarthy committee cited national security as the reason for its predations). The image of an airline pilot nodding off in an opiate-induced stupor as his plane tailspins into Baltimore is enough to frighten the public into endorsing the testing. But that is not what the testing campaign is about. Safety can be assured by nonintrusive, supervisory means. The enormously expensive, elaborate, totalitarian testing procedures are meant to control consciousness and regulate behavior—the goals of total "drug war"—not to protect potential victims of drug-related accidents.

The Federal Aviation Administration has actually had a random testing program for two years, and out of 20,000 tests administered, only 118 disclosed "positives," with no evidence that any of them posed clear and present safety problems. Most of those who flunk drug tests, which are widespread in private industry, are marijuana users of the casual kind (cannabis remains in the bloodstream for many weeks). Chronic marijuana use may adversely affect job performance, but blown-away potheads are easily spotted in the workplace, as are other heavy dopers. As for the crack smokers and heroin shooters who spearhead the "crime problem" as seen on the nightly news, they are nowhere near the jobs covered by the D.O.T. rules. Nor do the new rules require detection of alcohol, prescription drugs and noncontrolled substances, such as caffeine or steroids, which are more dangerous and damaging than marijuana.

Some unions representing workers who are slated for testing are challenging the rules. But as a civil liberties lawyer said recently, "the prognosis is poor" for overturning the rules in the courts. The Supreme Court made it clear in its last term that the Fourth Amendment—prohibiting unreasonable searches and seizures—has effectively been suspended in the heat of the drug war.

The scope of the Testing Society is not limited merely to urinalysis for drugs. According to civil liberties watchers, there has been an explosion of psychological testing and "personality assessments" by companies that seek to gather information about, and thus control, employees' off-the-job behavior. Industry sanctions sophisticated medical screening of workers to weed out those "at risk" for illnesses that could, years in the future, raise insurance costs. In Washington, the police department ran pregnancy tests on urine samples submitted for drug testing by women applicants without the knowledge or consent of the subjects. The city council of Athens, Georgia, has considered cholesterol testing as a prerequisite for employment. Private health insurers, of course, already screen applicants for "telltale signs" of homosexuality to discover those at risk for AIDS.

In the next decade, genetic screening will make it possible to identify all manner of risk factors—so some geneticists claim—and further regulate the work force and the citizenry. Employees who are genetically predisposed to become alcoholic, or mentally ill, or to get heart disease or cancer could be canned. Combined with psychological profiling, the genetic tests might even come up with a risk factor for anti-authoritarian, nonconformist behavior.

Earlier in the century, when behavioral science was first applied as a method of social control, the Ford Motor Company sent "social workers" into the homes of employees to denounce gambling, drinking and other activities deemed unconducive to good citizenship. Workers and their unions fought back and won the right to be judged by their performance on the job rather than their behavior at home.

The new company snoops draw bodily fluids and make mind maps, but the attack on autonomy and individuality is the same. Unions are again resisting, but politicians are lethally silent. Intrusive testing is inherently repressive, the antithesis of democracy. Many Americans have been led to

believe that it is necessary to surrender their physical integrity for "security." It's an old scam, newly dressed in a white coat. And it's only beginning.

Dance of Life

By a strange twist of fate, the funerals of two major African-American artists were held within the stone walls of New York City's cavernous Cathedral of St. John the Divine two years apart to the very day, very near to the hour: "A Celebration of the Life of James Arthur Baldwin" at noon on December 8, 1987, and "The Celebration of Alvin Ailey, Jr. Going Home" on December 8, 1989.

Ailey happened to die just about the time two well-intentioned articles appeared in a New York newspaper suggesting that perhaps dance in America had at last gone "beyond color." "Down With Labels," one proclaimed. Neither the writers nor the choreographers seemed to be aware of the historical trap in the assumption they found it necessary to resist: that there is an inherent contradiction in being black and being universal. (African-American writers go through the irritation of responding to that assumption, which is applied to few of their peers, whether Irish, Russian, French, Jewish or Southern white.)

Of course dance goes beyond color. All great art goes beyond the barriers that exist in any age to limit human experience, vision and destiny. That precisely is the glory of art. But in this age of dangerously distorted and corrupt racist images, symbols, rituals and myths, it is imperative that African-Americans especially be free for at least a moment to savor in their souls the genius and spirit that Ailey represented. Then, since no one people can keep beauty and grace to themselves alone (always Ailey's message), those who love Ailey for who he was and what he created can—with the same exuberance of his modern dance classic *Revelations*—release that spirit and sense of joy to the world.

The dance world, including Ailey's extended family of dancers, and all lovers of art and grace turned out for him. So did black people from across the widest spectrum, as they had for Baldwin. They, especially, must have gloried in the sound of great drums rising to—and soaring beyond—the arching ceilings of the great cathedral.

A nation needs to stop to honor its artists on their departure from among us. In the case of African-American artists, the prevailing tensions of our times demand that we ponder both the significance of these artists within our society and their world vision. The job of artists is to bear witness for their times and for humanity, James Baldwin said. Once done, the people will thereafter bear witness for them.

In remembering Ailey, one remembers Baldwin. The front-page obituary of the African-American choreographer in *The New York Times* quotes Ailey star Judith Jamison—for whom he created his immortal tribute to black women, *Cry*—who said that Ailey needed to "really believe that he has done great things . . . for black dance in America."

And so he did. In that process, drawing from the strength

and vigor of his own roots, he contributed immeasurably to the place of American modern dance in the world—and to the prevailing place of beauty and truth within it. In remembering now, it is no weakness to acknowledge that from our artists we desperately need and expect such reassurance.

JEWELL HANDY GRESHAM

Jewell Handy Gresham was co-editor of The Nation's special issue on the black family.

Salvadoran Abyss

Escalón, San Salvador

“**T**hey should either kill them all or negotiate,” the well-to-do Salvadoran businessman said in nearly flawless English. Leftist guerrillas had taken over this usually quiet suburban neighborhood, and some had even passed the night in his home. “This thing has to end,” he added. “We need a solution.”

The November military offensive by the F.M.L.N. has forced a watershed in El Salvador's history and overturned all conventional assumptions about U.S. policy here. In Escalón and other wealthy areas of the capital, the rebel drive has generated a new sense of pragmatism among right-wing people who had never entertained the concept of negotiations between the government and the F.M.L.N. Within the Salvadoran military, however, the offensive has strengthened the hand of the most ruthless and uncompromising army and air force officers. Unless there is swift action in Washington, total war may break out, leaving the United States with the choice of embracing the bloodshed or cutting off aid—thereby risking a military victory by leftist rebels. Events are moving at lightning speed, and the window of opportunity closes a little further each day.

A negotiated solution is Washington's best hope for avoiding a policy disaster. But policy-makers should abandon self-serving illusions, remove their ideological blinders and recognize the consequences of the November offensive.

First, it demonstrated that despite ten years of U.S. intervention and more than \$4 billion in aid, the Salvadoran government and armed forces still cannot defeat the F.M.L.N. Militarily, the offensive was the rebels' most spectacular demonstration of strength of the war. Politically it fell short of becoming a general insurrection or a seizure of power. But tens of thousands of Salvadorans collaborated, with a sophistication that demonstrates the rebels' deep and highly organized base of clandestine support.

Second, the offensive prompted the government to shed its mask of democracy and civility with amazing speed. Its behavior surpassed even the worst expectations of its critics. The level of human rights abuses has been unprecedented since the early 1980s. The indiscriminate strafing, rocketing and bombing of heavily populated neighborhoods was appalling to behold.

Third, an overwhelming sense of terror has seized the country. The killing of the six Jesuit priests, their house-

keeper and her daughter seems irrational to the naïve denizens of Washington, but in El Salvador it made perfect Machiavellian sense. The Jesuits were vociferous critics of the government and the most persuasive advocates of a negotiated settlement. Their murders sent a message: Anyone who even thinks of supporting the F.M.L.N. or a negotiated solution is at risk. And no one, from highly visible critic to anonymous peasant collaborator, is immune.

Fourth, the country's political center has collapsed. With the exception of a few leaders, the left-led popular movement has been driven underground. Formerly U.S.-supported Christian Democrats find themselves either threatened or irrelevant. Church-based community activists have been targeted for repression. The only two political options that remain are the Salvadoran Army and the F.M.L.N.

Fifth, President Alfredo Cristiani is technically the commander in chief of the military, but he is an inexperienced politician who is in over his head. A bloc of ultraconservative military officers, including Gen. Juan Rafael Bustillo of the air force and Vice Minister of Defense Juan Orlando Zepeda, has effectively assumed command. Zepeda is the officer that army defector Cesar Joya Martínez named as ordering military death squad assassinations as recently as last June. Bustillo has ordered his planes to buzz and drown out several presidential press conferences in open mockery of civilian authority. Bustillo himself may soon be headed for retirement, but he and his ilk have built alliances with junior and senior commanders throughout the military, reducing Cristiani's role to little more than figurehead.

Sixth, Cristiani's middle- and upper-class supporters have been left dumbstruck by the offensive. They once believed the predictions of Cristiani and the U.S. Embassy that prosperity was just around the corner. After F.M.L.N. guerrillas appeared literally on their doorstep, they are now leaving El Salvador en masse for Guatemala or Miami. Their exodus is likely to precipitate a long-term economic divestment. U.S. aid, which offset this trend in the early 1980s, can no longer be absorbed. And El Salvador is already more dependent on U.S. aid than any nation since South Vietnam.

Finally, although this aid and intervention represent the greatest U.S.-backed counterinsurgency effort since the Vietnam War, the ability of the United States to influence or control events here has been reduced to almost nothing. In previous years, policy-makers argued that current levels of U.S. military and economic assistance were necessary to support “moderates” in the Salvadoran military and to avoid a bloodbath. But the bloodbath has begun and the “moderates,” it seems, are either impotent or nonexistent.

Faced with the choice of negotiations or all-out war, the Salvadoran military has begun to opt for war. Its most powerful officers believe the United States will tolerate any level of abuse in the name of anticommunism, whatever that now means. Only a substantial cut in U.S. aid when Congress reconvenes in January will make them see things differently.

FRANK SMYTH

Frank Smyth is a U.S. journalist who has lived in San Salvador since February 1988.

BEAT THE DEVIL.

Let's Play Bounty

The exciting thing about the million-dollar bounty offered by the U.S. government for Noriega's head is the way it amplifies the conceptual underpinnings of the Reagan revolution. The bounty, and indeed the invasion, expands the idea of deregulation, decisively unshackling U.S. foreign policy from international law and treaty.

Of course the United States' defiance of the World Court verdict in the matter of the mining of Nicaragua's harbors was an early and clear sign of this commitment to deregulation, as was the later attempt to assassinate Muammar el-Qaddafi with F-111s divebombing his tent. But the bounty system inaugurated in the hunt for Noriega enriches the deregulatory drive with the fundamental axiom of supply-side economics, once beautifully expressed by Arthur Laffer: "How long does it take to pick up a dollar bill?"

The idea of articulating foreign policy in terms of bounties and cash bribes is well matched to important elements of the national culture, viz. the game show and the lottery. The White House, State Department and ABC are already blocking out a new show for the spring schedule, tentatively called *Bounty*. The host—Bush, Baker, the head of the C.I.A. or of the F.B.I.—proposes the game's objective, announces the reward and welcomes last month's winning assassin. The target of *Bounty* will, naturally enough, be greatly influenced by the show's weekly ratings.

It should be stressed that the novelty of the new bounty doctrine is that it brings into the open what was previously clandestine. The Kennedy brothers issued a secret contract to have Castro murdered. Today it's all out in the open; anyone can play and we may soon expect the bounties to be financed with the issue of junk bonds.

Bloody Monday

Once in a while history deals all the cards from the bottom of the deck. Comes December 18 and Monday morning's newspaper tells me that Lula has narrowly lost the presidential election in Brazil. I try to drape myself in silver lining. Had Lula won and headed toward the presidency with Workers' Party pledges of land reform and repudiation of debt to First World banks, panic would have exploded Brazil's inflated cruzado and sent tidal waves of capital fleeing north. Our man would have taken the oath of office amid economic rubble and bankerly bellows that his prospective irresponsibility had wrecked Brazil. What is the maneuvering room for a socialist party in today's Third World? The silver lining looked threadbare all the same. Collor de Mello was the man the rich guys wanted and now they have him. Bad news for poor people in Brazil; bad news for the Amazon, where the vast dam schemes of the construction magnates and state corporations will push forward.

Right next to the news about Lula came tidings of Poland's plans for its economy. These are of a ferocity that should make an I.M.F. case officer think heaven has come: forced unemployment of at least 400,000 Poles, end of subsidies for state industries, selling of state assets to private

industry and elimination of subsidies for many consumer necessities.

Added to this demented belief that market magic, the World Bank and the I.M.F. will somehow save the Polish economy was the spectacle of Lech Walesa urging, with partial success, that parliamentary debate on these proposals be waived and the economy bequeathed to experts. Thus did the workers' hero recommend Poland's surrender to the Western banks. No banker would dare to be so forthright.

One prime artificer of this impending catastrophe for Poland is the Harvard economist Jeffrey Sachs, hailed by the slash-and-burn crowd as the man who put Bolivia back on its feet, reducing the country's majestic 25,000 percent inflation rate in a matter of days. Sachs was imported as an adviser when Victor Paz Estenssoro became President in 1985, at which time Bolivia had virtually no official state revenues—the result of years of incompetent and corrupt military rule, plus a collapse in the world price of tin and natural gas, and workers' demands for a living wage.

What Sachs did was shut down the Bolivian economy, in a manner that will soon be familiar to Poles: public workers fired, subsidies eliminated, service costs denominated in dollars, along with the other elements in the cleansing arsenal cherished by bankers. At the Paris Club of First World bankers they cheered Sachs's Bolivian triumphs lustily.

But what sort of an economic triumph is it to turn the lights off? As Sachs himself remarked, "If you want to be cynical about it you could say Bolivia used to be a miserably poor country suffering from hyperinflation and now it's a miserably poor country without inflation." This is all very well if you are teaching at Harvard, but not so good if you are a tin miner or a government employee in Bolivia suddenly thrown into the street with nothing to live on. Many people in La Paz these days would like to give Sachs the same treatment as that meted out to a British diplomat by Mariano Melgarejo, a nineteenth-century Bolivian President who wearied of this envoy's complaints and, lifting his own mistress's skirts, ordered him to kiss her bare bottom. The envoy refused and Melgarejo had him paraded round La Paz, strapped to an ass and facing backward. When Queen Victoria and Palmerston heard about this they ordered the bombardment of Bolivia's capital, repining bitterly when told it was out of range of British gunboats. They had to content themselves with expunging Bolivia from British maps.

Today Bolivia's coalition government is trying to get the country back on its knees after Sachs's rampage. Helping in this endeavor is Keith Griffin, head of the U.C. Riverside economics department, along with associates from that noble campus. Elements in Griffin's advisory strategy are land reform, guaranteed employment, building of rural infrastructure, shifting of educational resources toward the poor and legalization of the coca export economy, which provides about 50 percent of the country's export revenues and employment for 300,000 campesinos.

The Paris Club, chastened by Sachs's devastations and

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

asked to approve Griffin's strategy, once again applauded lustily. They no doubt rejoiced at the thought that with legalization of coca cultivation and export, the state would capture some of this vital revenue. How the Bush Administration will view all this is another matter. We could soon see the prospect of the Paris Club and the U.C. Riverside economics faculty bunkered down on one side of the La Paz airport runway, fighting to the last pinstripe and URPE T-shirt against the invading Bush-Bennett strike force. The Poles don't even have coca to fall back on.

Footnote: It's pretty hard to find much in the U.S. press beyond dutiful paeans about newfound freedom and the lure of the market. In its story of the one-day special congress of the East German Communist Party, now officially known as the Socialist Unity Party of Germany—Party of Democratic Socialism, *The New York Times* reported that the congress had been addressed by Rudolf Bahro and left it at that. The *Los Angeles Times* did better, noting that Bahro had “followed a strongly Marxist line in his talk, warning about letting East Germany ‘fall into the hands of capitalism.’” It added that Bahro had been greeted “by jeers and laughter when he insisted that East Germany must give up industrialization and concentrate on farming and ecology.” Bahro was returning from eight years in exile. *The New York Times Magazine* did run an interesting “East Berlin Diary” by Christoph Hein, in the course of which he remarked:

West Germany's constant propaganda luring people away, and its much-touted “obligation to take care of”—words from the days of colonialism—are really very difficult problems for East Germany. If the United States gave every Mexican an American passport and promised more assistance for jobs and housing than its own citizens receive—what would happen to Mexico? For that matter, what would happen to West Germany if the United States made the same offer to West Germans? Not only would the unemployed and homeless leave; but also those professionals who have good jobs in West Germany but who could earn more in the States. The only thing that might prevent West Germans from accepting such an offer would be an attachment to their homeland or language. And here, both homeland and language are the same.

White Herring

The complacency with which the upsurge in Eastern Europe is associated with the triumph of “Western values” is becoming unendurable. It's true that there was some commotion here over the speed with which the Bush Administration rushed to mend fences with the Chinese leadership, first with the trip in July, about which James Baker lied, but nobody pointed out one significance of the most recent trip to Beijing made by Brent Scowcroft and Lawrence Eagleburger.

On December 11 the Dalai Lama received the Nobel Peace Prize. When it was first announced, the award had greatly angered the Chinese government, and in his acceptance speech in Oslo the Dalai Lama remarked that inside Tibet the Chinese “had become even more repressive” since the

honor became known. But the Dalai Lama's remarks, including mention of “the spirit of freedom” kindled among Chinese people before the Tiananmen massacre, would have received rather more ample coverage had it not been for the sensational news published on December 10 that Scowcroft and Eagleburger had arrived in Beijing. The White House and State Department were plainly aware that the timing of the trip would declare to the world that the U.S. government has no interest in supporting Tibetan autonomy and furthermore were happy to assist in any Chinese effort to push the Dalai Lama's peace prize off the world's front pages.

Probably the fiercest example of the double standard in reporting struggles for freedom is the coverage here of the Palestinian *intifada*, which celebrated its second anniversary on December 9. If there are any two zones of oppression and terror in the world today for which the United States must bear moral and political responsibility they are surely El Salvador and Israel. In both cases the United States is paying for the bullets and the prison walls. Yet U.S. press coverage of the *intifada* has now diminished to almost the amount accorded Sri Lanka. Editorial vamping about the “peace process” and the “Baker plan” is outstripped only by political balderdash about Israel's supposed search for a “negotiating partner.”

As anyone who has studied the Shamir-Peres plan knows, there is nothing being offered the Palestinians beyond new refinements in the political syntax of repression. It is as though the beleaguered governments in Eastern Europe had offered their people opportunities at the level of post office clerk and garbage collector and been fulsomely praised in the U.S. press for inaugurating democracy.

The Baker plan merely re-emphasizes the central point of the Shamir-Peres plan, which is that Palestinians will have to submit to all the stipulations imposed by Israel. The State Department's language expressed this tersely: “The United States further understands that Palestinians will come to the dialogue prepared to discuss elections and negotiations in accordance with Israel's initiative.” In other words, Palestinians must accept Israel's agenda (which denies them all their aspirations), since otherwise they will have rejected Israel's overtures and hopes for peace.

Such is the “actually existing” peace process. For the benefit of those who may recall Alan Dershowitz's claim, apropos the killings in Tiananmen Square, that “Israel has expressly denounced the Chinese violence and the recent executions,” I should add some observations by the Deputy Foreign Minister of Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu. This gentleman recently presented himself to students at Bar-Ilan University and, in remarks widely reported on November 24 in Israeli newspapers such as *Yediot Aharonot*, told these students, “Israel should have taken advantage of the suppression of the demonstrations in China, while the world's attention was focused on these events, and should have carried out mass deportations of Arabs from the territories. Unfortunately, this plan I proposed did not gain support, yet I still suggest to put it into action.”

BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ D'Amato and His Little Rascals

Pity Henry Schuelke 3d, the special counsel retained by the Senate Ethics Committee to investigate Alfonse D'Amato. The committee's complaint contains a litany of charges, the most prominent of which concerns the Republican's alleged use of influence at the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Congressional testimony and media accounts have revealed the exceedingly close ties between HUD-financed projects and D'Amato's contributors and associates. Probing all this will keep Schuelke busy. But there's more. Schuelke should look into D'Amato's ties to two HUDscam figures who have not yet been prominently linked to the New York Senator—Lance Wilson and Thomas Broussard.

Wilson, once the executive assistant to HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce, is a key player in the HUD affair. Active among black Republicans, Wilson was also involved in fundraising for D'Amato, according to a colleague of Wilson's at Paine Webber. An acquaintance says Wilson often boasted that he and D'Amato were good friends and "did a lot of things together." (Both the Paine Webber exec and Wilson's friend asked not to be named.) When Wilson left HUD in 1984, partly to run his own lucrative development business, he handed his spot to Deborah Gore Dean, with whom he was romantically involved, according to a Republican activist who had also dated him. As Richard Eudaly, a former HUD official, put it in Congressional testimony, "he left in his place someone who was thus effectively able to channel many, many projects in his direction."

Wilson went on to work at the New York City Housing Development Corporation and then at Paine Webber. But on the side he maintained active business relations with several developers, among them three former HUD officials who made up the Colorado-based Winn Group. The group has done well, earning \$163 million in Federal rent subsidies and tax credits. Tom Lantos, chair of a House subcommittee on housing, maintains that in one Winn Group-related project Wilson was rewarded with a 50 percent interest for pulling strings at HUD. By contrast, the investor who had put up all the money had a 33 percent interest.

Wilson, himself a D'Amato campaign funder, apparently helped convince others connected with the Winn Group—including some unlikely big-bucks donors—to support the Senator. J. Michael Queenan, a Winn Group partner, told Congressional investigators that Wilson and others in the group urged him to support specific politicians. He gave no names, but one person Queenan has enthusiastically backed is D'Amato. According to Federal Election Commission records, in 1989 Queenan and his wife each gave D'Amato \$1,000. So did Queenan's office manager, Kimberli Grabau, and her husband, a mail carrier. When I asked Grabau why she and her husband gave so generously, she replied, "There was really no reason." Schuelke should explore whether Wilson was the reason, and whether any unseemly favors—say, campaign gifts in exchange for help on HUD matters—were ever traded between Wilson and D'Amato.

■ The Senator From Puerto Rico

Then there is Thomas Broussard, a Wilson pal and California lawyer who may have benefited from D'Amato's intervention at HUD.

In 1986 Broussard, who had been hired by a Rhode Island developer to try to obtain HUD funds, came to the attention of the Rhode Island Attorney General Arlene Violet. According to Leon Blais, Violet's chief investigator, a local developer had told her office that in order to get HUD funds one had to deal with Broussard. Violet filed court papers alleging that Broussard was involved in influence peddling at the "highest levels" of HUD and that Wilson was his "contact." Broussard denied Violet's charge, but in an unrelated lawsuit his attorney acknowledged that Broussard was retained in 1982 by a developer to "use his influence or personal connections to gain access to a public official in an attempt to urge that official to favor [the developer's] position." At the time Broussard undertook that task his friend Wilson was an official at HUD.

Broussard hoped also to gain from D'Amato's pull at HUD. On January 7, 1985, he sent a handwritten note to Deborah Gore Dean reporting that Joseph Monticciolo, HUD's New York regional administrator, "is putting me in contact with a group in old San Juan [Puerto Rico] that is working on units through Joe and D'Amato." Falling within the jurisdiction of the New York regional HUD office, Puerto Rico received a disproportionate 7 percent of HUD subsidy funds from 1984 through 1988. Last May *The Wall Street Journal* reported that D'Amato pressed for HUD programs in Puerto Rico and received many campaign gifts from developers and others connected to the projects.

D'Amato has claimed that he "never as much as made an inquiry on behalf of any developer in Puerto Rico." But the Broussard letter shows D'Amato was helping some developers. Schuelke should chat with Broussard about that deal.

■ The House of D'Amato

D'Amato's tight relationship with the heads of the New York HUD office, particularly Monticciolo, is well known. But there are plenty of other personal links that indicate HUD was D'Amato's duchy. A Lisa Monticciolo, who lived at the same address as Joseph, worked as a paid campaign aide to D'Amato in 1986, according to F.E.C. records. Jerome Blue, who worked in D'Amato's office for three years, moved in 1987 to HUD. Susan Zagame, a deputy assistant secretary at HUD from 1985 until last April, is married to John Zagame, who was D'Amato's administrative assistant in the early 1980s and a campaign aide in 1988. Donna Kaufman was D'Amato's personal secretary from 1981 through 1983 and then switched to HUD, where she now works in the office of Congressional liaison. "That would make her a useful point person for D'Amato," says one Congressional investigator. "She could keep tabs on what's going on at HUD for him." A longtime D'Amato acquaintance says that D'Amato "worked like hell" to place Kaufman in HUD and that the Senator and Kaufman regularly socialized together after hours.

1989

EDWARD SOREL



IT WAS THE YEAR THAT TORAH PUBLICATIONS, IN BALTIMORE, ISSUED A THIRTY-THREE-CARD SET OF RABBI CARDS FOR ORTHODOX BUBBLEGUM AFICIONADOS.

THE CARDS COME FOUR TO A PACK, INCLUDE A RABBI'S DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH, SCHOOLING, AND OTHER VITAL FACTS IN BOTH HEBREW AND ENGLISH.

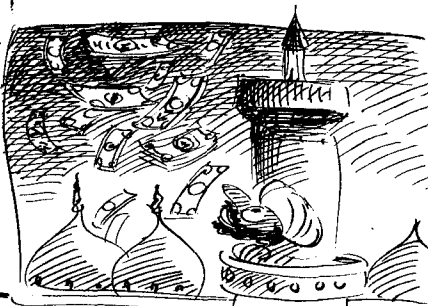
IT WAS THE YEAR THAT RUPERT MURDOCH, NEW OWNER OF TV GUIDE, MET WITH THE EDITORS AND EXPLAINED THAT THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE CHANGES IN THE MAGAZINE BECAUSE IT WAS "TOO CEREBRAL."



IT WAS A YEAR OF GREAT BUDGET CUTS, BUT THE UNITED STATES AGENCY FOR INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT (A.I.D.) NEVERTHELESS FOUND IT HAD \$1.3 MILLION TO REBUILD FOUR MOSQUES IN CAIRO, EGYPT. ONE OF THESE MOSQUES WAS DESCRIBED BY ASSOCIATED PRESS AS "SO DECREPIT THAT FEWER THAN THREE DOZEN WORSHIPPERS ATTEND FRIDAY PRAYERS." U.S. TAX DOLLARS ARE REBUILDING IT TO ACCOMMODATE 1,200.

STOP THE PRESSES!

GLASNOST ("OPENNESS") WAS EVERYWHERE. THE VATICAN SAID IT WOULD ALLOW SISTINE CHAPEL ART RESTORERS TO REMOVE LOINCLOTHS FROM FIGURES IN THE LAST JUDGMENT. THE LOINCLOTHS HAD BEEN ADDED ON ORDERS OF POPE PIUS IV, 20 YEARS AFTER MICHELANGELO HAD COMPLETED THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.



AND IT WAS THE YEAR THAT ALEXANDER COCKBURN GAVE THE NATION HIS EXCLUSIVE SCOOP: STALIN DID NOT KILL AS MANY RUSSIANS AS PEOPLE SAY HE DID !!!

Edward Sorel

ARTICLES.

■ CEAUSESCU'S ROMANIA

Stalinism With
An Iron Fist

VICTOR PINTEA

In the 1970s Rumania had a uniquely cordial relationship with the West. Its leader, Nicolae Ceausescu, attended five summit meetings with several U.S. Presidents and obtained most favored nation status for his country. In the 1980s, however, that special relationship ended. Rumania lost its trade preferences and became a pariah to the West. Now it has come to occupy a similar position in Eastern Europe. Rumania is unique among Warsaw Pact countries in resisting absolutely any kind of political reform. Stalin once spoke of the "capitalist encirclement" of the Soviet Union; today Rumania finds itself in a situation of reformist encirclement.

Rumania under Ceausescu is not merely isolated; it is regarded with almost universal hostility. Ceausescu has responded with xenophobia. Last summer he led the celebrations to mark the centennial of the death of the nineteenth-century Rumanian poet Mihai Eminescu. Ceausescu quoted approvingly from one poem by Eminescu:

May he who worships foreigners
Have his vile heart torn by wild curs,
May waste and ruin strike his house,
His people crush him for a louse.

Ceausescu exhibited his xenophobia in the recent Timisoara massacre, which began as an anti-Hungarian action. He also showed it in unpredictable ways in his most recent interview with a U.S. publication. In its international edition of August 21, 1989, *Newsweek* published a cover story on Ceausescu, printing fragments of an interview the Rumanian leader had given two of its reporters three weeks earlier. The interview covered a wide range of topics, including the most dramatic political development in Rumania in many years—an open letter written to Ceausescu in March 1989 by six prominent political figures, who accused the President of destroying Rumania's economy and terrorizing its people.

When the interview touched on the question of human rights, the following exchange took place:

Newsweek: Perhaps you could explain the situation of the six former government officials who wrote an open letter to you earlier this year, who are now said to be under house arrest.

Ceausescu: No, all of them are in Bucharest. Of course, they are no longer accommodated in houses that belong to the state, which are given to officials in the hierarchy of the

party, the state. One is an agent of the Soviet Union, one an agent of the United States, one of Great Britain, one of France. They made deals to act on behalf of those countries. We didn't send them to trial, for they have declared that they regret what they did.

For a man given to florid oratory, this was an unusually laconic answer. But it is worth analyzing what he said in some detail, for it illuminates with great clarity how the man acts.

Without doubt the most sensational portion of Ceausescu's remarks is that an Eastern European head of state has for the first time publicly accused the Soviet Union of acts of espionage against a fellow member of the Warsaw Pact. Rumania, Ceausescu implies, conceals secrets of sufficient interest to overturn the key pieces on the chessboard of international espionage. The desire to unravel those secrets, he charges, has moved the intelligence services of the rival superpowers to cooperate with one another.

Double agents in the employ of Moscow, Washington, Paris and London are not exactly accustomed to collaborating on the text of political declarations against their own government. Since the March letter exists, one supposes that it represents a synthesis of the main grievances of the four powers against Rumania. Yet the strange thing here is that every line of the dissidents' letter expresses the desire of veteran Communists to revitalize Rumania's socialist system—hardly what one would expect from Margaret Thatcher or either of the other alleged Western spymasters.

Like Stalin in the 1930s, Ceausescu has no intention of allowing former comrades who now disagree with him to form a separate faction within the Communist Party. Instead, he responds to their dissidence by accusing them of constituting a gang of agents in the service of foreign powers. There is, admittedly, one crucial difference: Ceausescu has not, at least so far, executed his adversaries, as Stalin did those he accused of being German spies. Yet the response is the same: the travestied depiction of any political challenge to the supreme leader as an act of treason. At a moment in history when other Communist leaders are bowing not only to opposition within the party but to movements outside it, and granting them not merely the right to exist but even political pre-eminence, Ceausescu's neo-Stalinism goes even further, in a certain sense, than Stalin himself went. The official cult of the Rumanian President currently employs the slogan, "The Party, Ceausescu, Rumania," to suggest that party, man and nation are one and the same thing.

Founded on the tradition of suppressing the slightest debate, the declining number of Communist parties that remain frozen in the Stalinist mold still transfer differences of opinion from the realm of political confrontation to that of military justice. Ceausescu is incapable of using persuasion, but more than ready to use force, and his accusations cast his party in a less than flattering light. If one examines the makeup of the group of "foreign agents," one finds that they include the sole surviving former first secretaries of the

Victor Pinte is a Rumanian writer now living in the West.

party, Constantin Pirvulescu and Gheorghe Apostol; former Foreign Minister Corneliu Manescu, who was elected president of the U.N. General Assembly at the recommendation of his government; former minister of foreign trade and Politburo member Alexandru Birladeanu; and former editor in chief of the Central Committee newspaper Professor Silviu Brucan. It is hard to ascribe moral and political credibility to a party that assigns such lofty responsibilities to people who turn out to be trivial agents of foreign powers, and only discovers their duplicity after the public display of their dissidence.

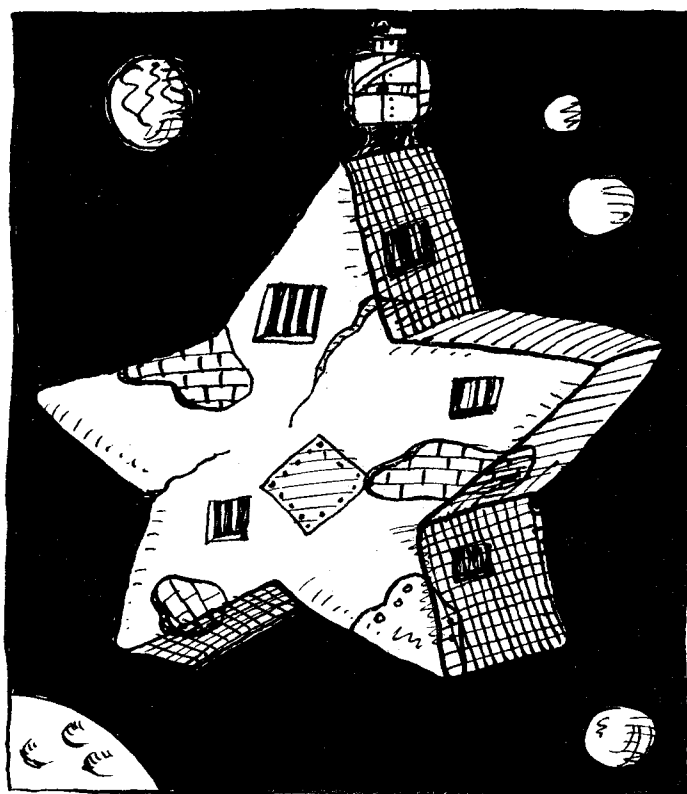
Ceausescu's reference to the legal dimensions of the case is particularly obscure. The autocrat of Bucharest makes a point of saying that the six dissidents have not been brought before a military court, thanks to his clemency and to their expressions of regret for their misdemeanors. (Why, one wonders, were those regrets never made public?) Ceausescu's behavior may seem less sadistic than that of his illustrious role model, but only up to a point. Stalin left the job of accusation to his prosecutor, Andrei Vyshinsky, who dispatched self-confessed spies to the firing squad; Ceausescu may stop short of the firing squad but he makes the accusations himself. The crime of espionage is proclaimed by the head of state without the intervention of any judicial body. The executive has usurped the basic function of the judiciary, as defined by the Rumanian Constitution. This is more than a glaring abuse of legality—it represents a serious threat against the six signatories of the March letter. The dictator's comments to *Newsweek* show that the freedom of the six is subject to his whim. If, through unforeseen circumstances, some zealous prosecutor should bring charges against them in the future, their fate would be sealed. Nobody would dare to contradict the verdict already pronounced by the supreme chief. His clemency is reversible, his verdict is not.

The implausibility of Ceausescu's charges is reinforced by the remarkable number of evasions and ambiguities in what he said to the U.S. reporters. He claims that only four of the six signatories are foreign agents, but does not specify which. He does not say whether their crimes were instigated by the agents themselves or by their foreign spymasters. He lists the countries that supposedly employed them but doesn't say who was the agent of whom. He omits any word about the time and place of the alleged espionage: Did it take place inside Rumania or abroad? when the accused were in their official posts or after they had retired? Most of them retired in the 1970s; if they committed their crimes while they were still government functionaries, it took the Rumanian intelligence services a long time to find out. Remarkably, they did so only after the six had signed their letter of protest.

And what of the charges themselves? Here Ceausescu is extremely vague. "They made deals to act on behalf of those countries," he says. But making a deal to act is not the same as acting, and negotiating with a foreign power—which was, after all, the job of four of the six—does not make someone the agent of that power. So Ceausescu treats as agents six men who, even by his own logic, were not agents.

Ceausescu's conversation with *Newsweek* also appeared in the Rumanian press, taking up the equivalent of an entire *New York Times* page of small print. To all appearances, this was an unedited transcript; there was no mention of the word "excerpts." But the version that was offered to Rumanian readers omitted the entire exchange about the six. This was not the only thing that was missing: Rumanian readers were also deprived of Ceausescu's thoughts on two other topics raised by *Newsweek*. To one question—"When do you think some of the empty shop shelves will be full?"—Ceausescu replied, "We don't have empty shelves." The danger here was apparently less the question, which would not have come as any surprise to Rumanians, who are used to spending their meager leisure hours waiting in line for nonexistent goods, than the answer, which would have left them stupefied. The other topic omitted was one that touched on a special taboo: *Newsweek* reporters questioned the dictator about the possibility of his son, Nicu, one day succeeding him. In the regime's official propaganda, the very idea of Ceausescu's death is rigorously excluded. Again, the Rumanian people were unable to read their leader's ominous answer, which was, "If [my son] should receive the support of the people and the party, there is no obstacle for him."

The most bizarre aspect of Ceausescu's Alice-in-Wonderland logic is that he is willing to reveal his thoughts on these delicate matters to Western readers but not to the Rumanian people, whose unanimous confidence he claims to enjoy. Why, above all, should he continue to conceal the existence of the six and their platform, which would surely be indignantly rejected by a people devoted to their leader? This reveals another curiosity: It was government censorship that prevented Rumanians from reading about opposition within the party, economic hardship and Ceausescu's plans



ILLUSTRATIONS BY J.C. SUARÉS

for a dynasty. But censorship was officially abolished in Rumania more than a decade ago.

What has happened to the six men who signed the March letter of protest? The dictator was asked by *Newsweek* to comment on their "house arrest." His answer was "all of them are in Bucharest," but that is a comment on their geographical location, not their judicial situation. It is perfectly possible to be in Bucharest and under house arrest. Many people are. They include not only the six party members who chose the path of heresy but also a number of Rumanian poets, members of a profession who are heretics by vocation. The most recent cases involve Dan Desliu, who recently called Ceausescu "absolute owner of the soil and subsoil, of fresh and salt waters, of the living and the dead and, moreover, of truth and justice," and a younger poet named Mircea Dinescu, who has described Bucharest as "a city where policemen are more numerous than pigeons."

Sidestepping a direct answer to the question asked him, Ceausescu avoids the painful but widely known truth, which is that the six men are formally free but to all intents and purposes prisoners, sentenced de facto without having been charged de jure, due process having been replaced by police violence. The police attempted, for example, to send the 73-year-old Brucan into internal exile in the tiny port of Zimnicea on the Danube. Brucan refused because there was no written court order. It was the utter disregard for legal process that led *The Times* of London to compare Ceausescu not with Stalin but with "Papa Doc" Duvalier of Haiti.

Ceausescu told *Newsweek* that the six dissidents and their families had been evicted from the homes they had lived in for years. In an attempt to mollify his critics, he argued that this was because the houses in question were the property of the state and that they were reserved for "officials in the hierarchy" because of their degree of comfort. These are revealing answers, and they provoke a number of thoughts. For example, this so-called socialist state evidently divides its people into two classes: party officials, who enjoy a higher standard of living, and everyone else. Then again, if the six lost their homes because they were no longer entitled to them as party officials, why were they not evicted years ago, when they ceased to work for the party? By the same token, why have innumerable other former officials not lost their reserved housing?

The six, it should be added, were not turned out into the street to find new housing through their own ingenuity. The police rehoused them forcibly, in grossly inadequate premises. Manescu and his wife were relocated to an outlying district of Bucharest in a kind of barn with a dirt floor. Brucan and his family are housed at 79 Izbiceni Street on the outskirts of the capital in a tumbledown shack without electricity or running water. Brucan underwent surgery twice last year. His wife, the engineer Alexandra Sidorovici, a Communist Party member since 1933, has been operated on for cancer and suffers from a severe deformity of the spinal column. Both families are under constant police surveillance. House arrest, then, is not just a simple matter of the loss of freedom. Ceausescu has subjected his former comrades and present-day political adversaries to an exist-

ence that seems designed to accelerate their "natural" demise without recourse to overt violence. To false agents, the dictator grants a false pardon; to genuine opponents, he offers genuine liquidation, physical as well as political. □

■ TEAMSTER REFORM

Carey Challenges The Porkchoppers

WILLIAM SERRIN

It is possible, just possible, that democracy may be about to come to the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Dissidents, if they work hard and imaginatively, may very well elect as the union's next president an intense, wiry man named Ron Carey, the 53-year-old leader of Local 804 in New York City. This much seems certain: Carey's vigorous reform campaign, buoyed by the Teamsters for a Democratic Union (T.D.U.) and other backers, is likely to be the U.S. labor movement's biggest story in the next two years.

Already it is too big for the teamsters porkchoppers, the entrenched officials ranging from local business agents to current president William McCarthy, who are seeing their cozy (and often corrupt) control jeopardized. At the T.D.U. annual convention in Pittsburgh this past November, enthusiasm for reform seemed almost contagious after Carey told nearly 600 delegates and visitors that together they could make "a strong and democratic union."

Carey's rousing speech was the highlight of a convention marked throughout by determination. It was the rank and file, not the pie-carders (the old Wobbly term for union bureaucrats), who greeted Carey's words with loud applause. Their energy and seriousness were in marked contrast to the usual teamsters conclave in Miami or Las Vegas, where eating and drinking at the brotherhood's expense and paying obeisance to the aged, pasty-faced union godfathers are the main order of business.

The T.D.U. delegates paid their own way, and about a third were newcomers, suggesting that the thirteen-year-old organization, which has had to work hard just to maintain its membership (now 10,000), has begun to attract increasing support. Moreover, the men and women came from every region of the country, a positive development for Carey, who, if he is to win, must establish campaign staffs and supporters wherever the teamsters are strong.

In a speech at the convention, Michael Ruscigno, a T.D.U. leader at Local 138 in New York City, made it clear that the dissidents were expected to match their enthusiasm for reform with a minimum contribution of \$200 apiece. After an hour and a half, \$22,200 had been raised.

There are other signs that Carey and the T.D.U. are rid-

William Serrin, who covered labor issues for The New York Times, is now at work on a book about the steel industry.

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ing a progressive tide. In Atlanta the Federal Labor Department has ordered a rerun of a Local election after T.D.U. poll watching helped uncover widespread ballot fraud in the bailiwick of Weldon Mathis, secretary-treasurer of the International. In an election for president of Local 283 in Detroit last October, Don Stone, a T.D.U. member, defeated George Vitale, a vice president of the International, by sixteen votes. Vitale had held his job since February 1989.

Moreover, unprecedented Federal intervention in teamsters affairs continues as part of the consent order signed last March in which the government and union agreed to settle a racketeering lawsuit brought by the government against the union and its principal officers. The T.D.U. played a major role in formulating the order's provisions to bring democracy to the teamsters.

Federal District Judge David Edelstein has appointed three officers to oversee teamsters operations: Frederick Lacey as the administrator, Charles Carberry as investigations officer and Michael Holland as elections officer. Each month Lacey runs an open letter to union members in *International Teamster*, the house organ that once fawned over the leadership and kept its pages closed to opposing views. Union members are also getting better information these days because of *Teamster Convoy Dispatch*, the T.D.U.'s monthly, which now has a circulation of 60,000.

Meanwhile, Carberry has filed charges against six teamsters officers. He is seeking to discipline them or have them removed from office, and is believed to be readying charges against at least thirty other officials. And Holland has put together a tentative election schedule that calls for strict supervision of campaigns and balloting. He has also reserved the right to communicate directly with the rank and file. As now scheduled, the election of convention delegates would take place from December 1990 to June 1991, when the convention will be held in Orlando, Florida. The election of International officers would follow that autumn, with voting in union halls and at job sites.

Predictably, the union's bosses don't like all this interference in what used to be their private affairs, and McCarthy

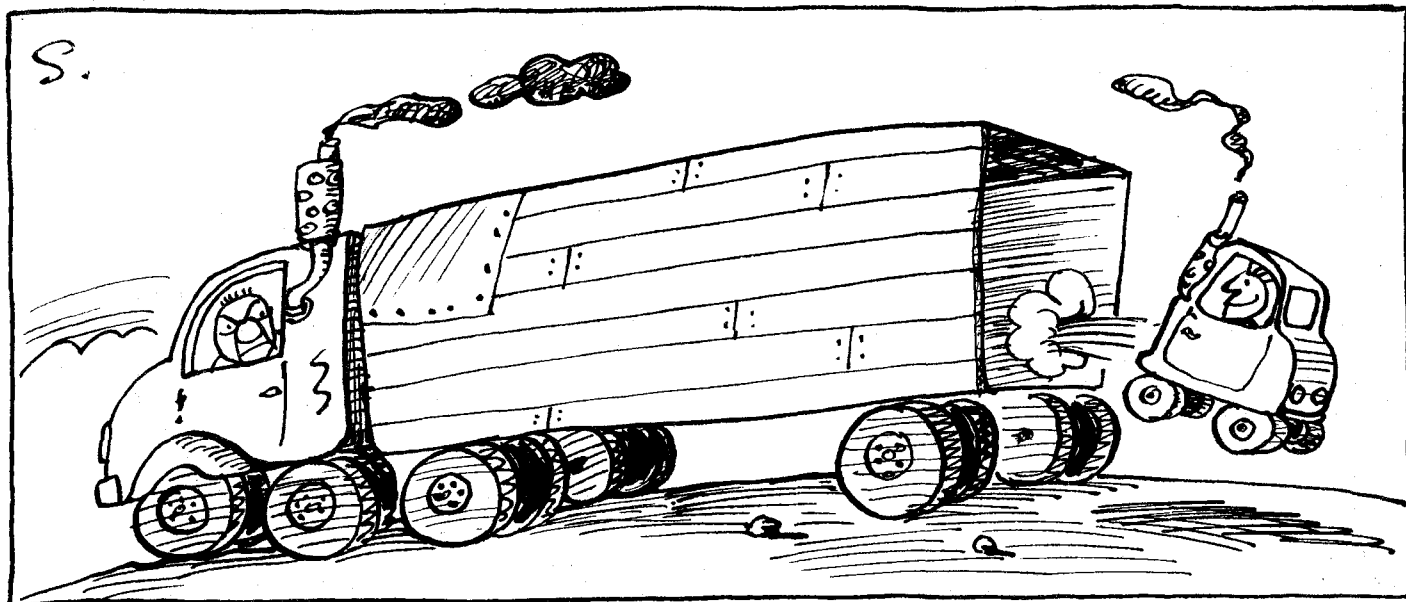
has brought in a lawyer, James Grady, to hector the watchdogs. McCarthy has complained about Lacey's open letters, insisting that they exceed his authority, and has tried to stop the officers from hiring staff and leasing office space. In an October memorandum to McCarthy, Grady also warned that Lacey, Carberry and Holland were spending too much of the union's money: \$320,378 in just a few months.

This marks a new and somewhat sudden interest by the teamsters in fiscal responsibility. Over the decades the union has eagerly ladled out hundreds of millions of dollars in members' dues for double and triple salaries, extravagant expense accounts, junkets to spas and lavish parties, all to reward the leadership and its faithful retainers. At the last convention, in May 1986, a single party hosted by Joseph Trerotola, an International vice president, cost \$560,000.

Judge Edelstein has ruled largely in favor of the officers he appointed, and also has ordered the establishment of a \$100,000 government fund to cover their expenses pending reimbursement by the union. Nevertheless, three locals have sued the overseers. Daniel Liguoris, presiding executive officer of Local 705 in Chicago, filed a suit aimed at getting Holland to stop riding shotgun on the election. Last month, after Liguoris refused to drop the suit, Judge Edelstein held him in civil contempt.

Ron Carey, who grew up in Queens and served in the Marines, joined United Parcel Service as a deliveryman and was elected local president in 1967, at the age of 31. He led strikes in 1970 and 1974, and his local is known for good wages, benefits and working conditions. He has always operated independently of the teamsters leadership, which in turn has tried to ignore him. He has never been given a role in bargaining with U.P.S. at the national level, although his local, with some 7,000 members, is one of the largest U.P.S. locals in the country.

In 1987 Carey campaigned against the national U.P.S. contract, saying that its 2-percent-a-year wage increase represented a sellout. The contract was rejected by a majority of the 140,000 U.P.S. employees who belong to the team-



sters, but the union leadership reflexively imposed the contract under a longstanding rule that required a two-thirds vote for rejection. After Carey filed a lawsuit, the executive board, fearing an adverse court ruling, had second thoughts and, seeking to curry favor with the membership, changed the rule to allow for majority rejection. Carey got much of the credit for the rule change.

Carey promises that if he is elected to lead the International he will seek strong contracts, improved job safety (truck driving kills thousands annually and is one of the most hazardous occupations) and ways to use the union's enormous pension funds creatively on behalf of the workers.

He also wants to trim the fat salaries of many porkchoppers, 153 of whom earn more than \$100,000 a year, according to the T.D.U. Carey now earns \$45,000, less than the chef at the Marble Palace, as the teamsters' Washington headquarters is known. He says that he would accept a salary of \$100,000 if elected president, \$120,000 less than McCarthy now makes in salary and fees.

These stands and his record of strong leadership at Local 804 have made him so popular that last September, after he announced his candidacy for the presidency, the local got his campaign started with \$50,000 in contributions. What appeals to many of the reformers is Carey's determination to bring the teamsters—with 1.7 million members the nation's second-largest union (after the National Education Association)—back into the labor movement. The teamsters returned to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in 1987, twenty years after being expelled on charges of corruption, but it continues to play almost no role in the federation.

The reformers hope to go to the International convention in June 1991 with as many as 900 of the 1,800 delegates, and Carey seeks to raise at least \$1 million for his campaign. But even if these goals are met the dissidents will go into the battle as clear underdogs. The teamsters establishment will fight with iron fists to retain its prerogatives. If the 3,000 or so officers who form the core of the leadership machine each kick in \$500, the porkchoppers will have a campaign chest of \$1.5 million just for openers. Intimidation and violence can also be expected if the Carey forces are perceived to be posing a serious threat.

At the convention itself, delegates could vote to reject amendments to the union's constitution that would implement secret-ballot elections and other democratic reforms, and some teamsters regulars confidently predict that is exactly what will happen. But any such maneuver would prove a temporary victory for the leadership, for the government would doubtless go to court immediately, and a judge might order secret-ballot elections anyway.

Who the leadership's candidate for president will be is not yet clear. McCarthy, who is 70 years old and has had heart surgery, has not said whether he plans to run again. The reformers expect Weldon Mathis to run even if McCarthy does seek re-election. McCarthy defeated Mathis by a bare 9-to-8 vote of the union's executive board following the July 1988 death of Jackie Presser, who had been teamsters president since 1983. Walter Shea, an International vice president, has also been mentioned as a possible candidate. □

■ LETTER FROM WARD HOLLER

At the Bottom Of the Well

ANDY YALE

They came over at 10 o'clock that morning—a tall, thin poet with a hank of rope over his shoulder and a stocky rock mason with the arms of a blacksmith. We heard their voices out by the well, then the clump of their boots as they climbed the porch stairs. I got out the bottle of vodka and put on water for coffee. I knew we would want both before we finished.

They were here to clean out our well—a hundred-year-old hand-dug hole in the ground that I hadn't known was on the land until twelve years after I bought it. In 1984, when we were clearing the site for the cabin, I stumbled on the well and almost down it. I was hacking at a briar with a machete when my foot slipped on a slick, moist rock on the edge of a hole. Bracing myself, I looked in and caught the glint of something dark and shining. Yielding to what must be a primordial urge, I dropped a rock in and heard a distant splash. After twenty-five years of lying unused, the old well still held water.

But it wasn't until this past spring, when we were facing the dilemma of life with baby and sans washer, that I began to scheme on using that water. Access to the cabin is difficult at best, and the local well drillers doubted they could get a rig up our road. So our choices for a water system were limited: either build a reservoir for our spring and pump water from it to the house or put a pump on the old well. I bought a jet pump capable of both of these jobs and installed it on the well.

The water was a little muddy, but there seemed to be plenty of it. We enjoyed the luxury of washing dishes without having to carry water from the spring and heat it on the gasoline stove. But after two weeks' use, the water level dropped to a mere ten inches—two inches below the takeup valve on our pump. We were high and dry, pumping air. I asked around and the neighbors said that if I cleaned out the well, it might work better.

So here were Daniel and Peter with a whole bunch of gear to do that task: hard hats, rope, carbide lamps, pulleys, boots and coveralls. Daniel had been down two wells before, and Peter was a spelunker. I'd known both of them for a long time. Since it was my place, and I had my reputation in the county to think of, I was going to have to go down too. But Daniel had all the experience, so he went down first to show us how it's done.

We rigged a tripod over the well mouth and lashed a pulley to it, through which ran a rope to the safety belt around Daniel's waist. We tied a second rope to the foundation of the house, and Daniel went down the hole hand over

Andy Yale is a freelance photographer and journalist.

hand on that rope while Peter and I slowly payed out the safety line. After a few minutes we heard a muffled "O.K." echo up the well. We looked over the edge and there was Daniel, grinning up at us, with water up to his calves. "Send down the bucket," he said. It was time to get to work.

Stuff started to come up, a bucketful at a time. It wasn't just muck and rocks and old wood and decayed vegetable matter; it was man-made stuff that had been underwater a long time and had moved backward, earthward to its origins. Old bedsprings, chunks of glass, tin lard buckets, a piece of a woman's patent leather shoe, a rusty key to some forgotten lock. You couldn't tell what it was when it emerged; you had to hold the pieces to the sky, turn them over, muse on them. Then they might reveal what they once had been. Now they were nothing—just a part of a pile of garbage pulled dripping from a hole in the ground.

When the pile was a foot high, Daniel was ready to come up. He ascended gingerly from the well curb, shivering in the August sun. It was my turn then, so while Daniel had his coffee, I suited up—coveralls, boots, hard hat and safety belt. Then, after kissing Marcie and the baby for what I hoped wouldn't be the last time, I grabbed the rope and went down.

At the bottom, the sky was a small pale circle and the water was cold. There was little room—you could back up against one wall and have just enough space to get a hand down to grub at the bottom. I felt panic bubbling up, and to fight it I croaked, "Send down the bucket." Having something to do calmed me, and soon I was fascinated by the weird stuff I could dig up from the viscous gumbo beneath my feet. Logging chains and a broken Mason jar, a length of electrical cable—this was archeology, Appalachian style. I would load the bucket and watch it swing up over my

head, full of rock and debris. While it ascended, I looked around me, noting with pleasure the fine stonework of the walls, which were erected without mortar. I wondered who dug this well and felt my current effort merge with that century-old, far greater one. Restoring a well to a pristine state seemed a task as honorable as any I could envision.

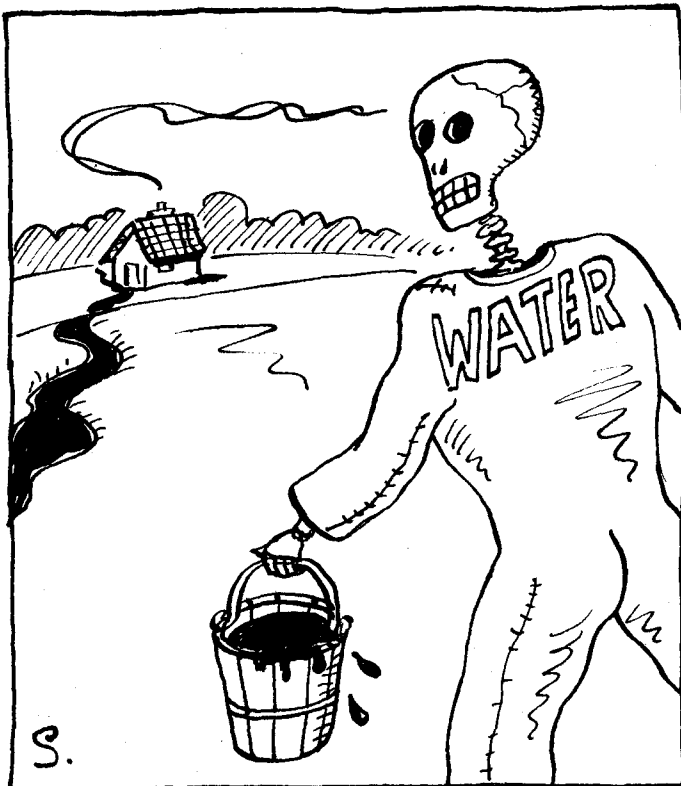
About an hour later, I wasn't so sure. My knees ached from the continual crouch and a raw chill was beginning to move in my bones. I yelled up to let them know I was coming and, hand over hand, pulled myself up out of the ground. Emerging had an impact that is difficult to describe. The world looked very wide and very bright, full of a numinous energy. For a little while things shone vividly with all their inner meanings. Sitting on the well curb, pouring water out of my boots, I suddenly understood why the Hopi chose to have their ceremonies in underground kivas. The experience of emerging invests the world with a spiritual value that is difficult to forget.

That night, lying in bed, I thought about water. Outside, the well was slowly filling anew under the stars. I remembered how often it is said that water is life, and how often this is said much too lightly. Then I thought about the ways of water in these mountains, and the labors people endure to have a small supply to drink and cook and wash with. The true meaning of water opened before me in a widening vista much the same way the world had revealed itself when I came out of the well.

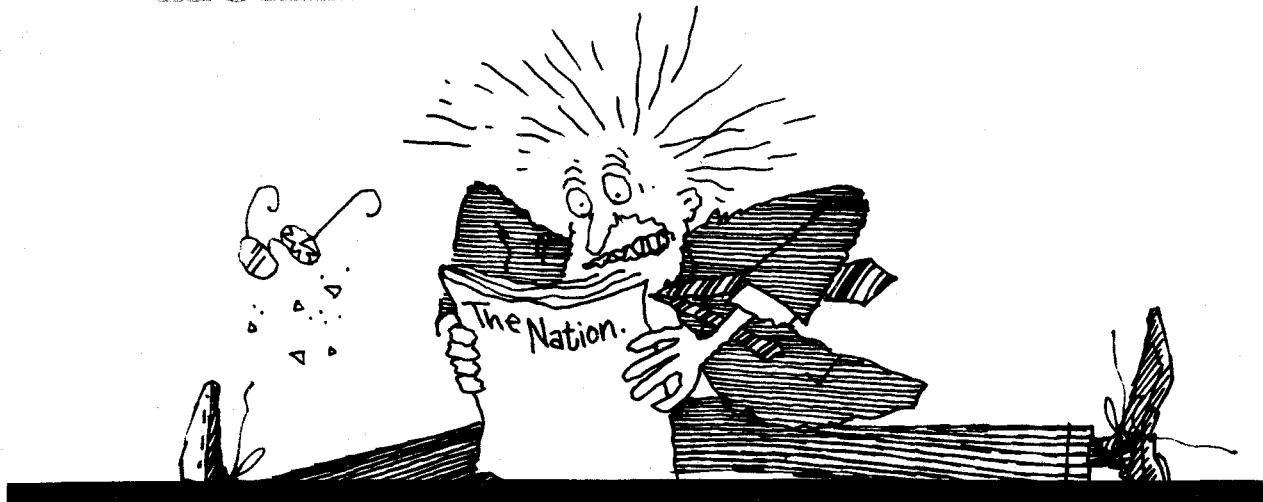
This is a land of moving water, of springs and creeks and rivers but few ponds or lakes. In a normal year we get sixty inches of rain and the hills are full of the sound of rushing water. Despite this abundance, it's only in the past thirty years that indoor plumbing has become common, and there are still many people who, like their ancestors before them, carry water from a spring or hoist it up by the bucketful from a hand-dug well. Springs and hand-dug wells, unlike faucets, are living entities, which pulse and change with the seasons. When you pull the bucket up out of the earth, it is impossible not to understand in your bones that water is the fount from which all life springs. Something of that understanding persists in these mountains, and when my neighbors speak of water it is often with an almost biblical seriousness.

So a few days after we'd cleaned the well, I got angry as I read the fifteen-page "Responsiveness Summary" regarding the Discharge Elimination System Permit Application #WV0076287, which the West Virginia Department of Natural Resources had mailed to me. I knew what it was about—the Wood Guard plant in Alderson, some thirty miles away. Here, couched in classic technospeak, was the D.N.R.'s response to "concerns expressed." What a lot of us were concerned about can be stated in one word: water.

Wood Guard Lumber Inc. is in the business of pressure-treating lumber with the preservative chromated copper arsenate (CCA), a deadly chemical. Nobody debates its toxicity. Even one of its manufacturers, the Koppers Company of Pittsburgh, warns of a plethora of health hazards associated with its use. According to Koppers, CCA causes severe burns and kidney and liver damage, and may be fatal if in-



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haled, absorbed through the skin or swallowed. Both the Environmental Protection Agency and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration consider CCA to be a carcinogen. The chemical is so potent that a single teaspoon in 25 million gallons of water can cause cancer in humans and would prove fatal to sunfish, bass, walleye and other aquatic life. Wood preserved with CCA has caused severe health problems. James Sipes, a Forest Service employee, fell seriously ill after building picnic tables from CCA-treated lumber. Subsequent tests of his hair showed unusually high levels of arsenic, a CCA component.

Wood Guard completed the Alderson plant in January 1989, then applied to the D.N.R. for the final permits necessary to operate. As word got out about Wood Guard, local residents began to have serious concerns. Not the least of these was the plant's location on the flood plain of the Greenbrier River, on a site that was underwater in 1985. There were other reasons too: Thirty-two families draw their water from wells within 5,000 feet of the plant, and the aquifer for much of the community of Glen Ray runs directly beneath it. According to hydrogeologic studies, there is no impermeable stratum between the plant site and this aquifer, which lies a mere nine feet beneath the surface. The towns of Talcott and Hinton, both downstream from the plant, depend on the Greenbrier for drinking water. During the thirty-day period of public comment that was part of the permit-application process, the extent of community opposition became clear: 567 people spoke against the granting of a permit and only three were in favor.

Nonetheless, the D.N.R., following its mandate to "maintain reasonable standards of purity and quality of the water of the state consistent with public health," decided in its wisdom—infinity greater than the collective understanding of almost 600 residents—to grant Wood Guard a permit on June 12. The document I was now reading with gritted teeth was a notification of this permit some two months after the fact. That the document contained fifteen typos didn't do much to buttress the argument the D.N.R. advanced for its decision: that technology is to be trusted, that it will override human error and that the technology at the Wood Guard site is the newest and best and is sure to protect us and our wells.

The safeguards at the plant look good on paper. There will be a supposedly impermeable "geomembrane" of Permalon X-210 beneath the treatment area, which has a foot-thick concrete floor coated with epoxy. A complex leak detection system was also installed. This might have lulled some of our more trusting neighbors, despite Chernobyl, Bhopal and the Exxon oil spill. But then there was the testimony of Claude Massie.

Massie, foreman in charge of the construction of the plant, quit in a dispute over the owner's penchant for cutting corners. In a sworn deposition submitted to the D.N.R., Massie stated that the critical geomembrane under the plant had holes in it from welding sparks, that walls designed as solid concrete actually had hollow spots, that the concrete in the treatment chamber was cracked and steel welds were defective. Massie characterized the plant as "fatally flawed."

The D.N.R.'s response to these charges was a single statement in their summary: "Presently, to the D.N.R.'s knowledge, no leaks have been detected." This is typical of the agency, which seems happiest when the fox is guarding the chicken coop. For instance, the D.N.R. will allow Wood Guard to sample test wells and monitor site runoff. It's not for nothing that local environmentalists say that D.N.R. stands for "destruction of natural resources."

When I finished reading the summary, I called the Concerned Citizens of Alderson-Glen Ray, the coalition fighting to stop Wood Guard. As of now, they told me, the plant remains closed pending a second appeal before the State Water Resources Board in late December. Another legal challenge based on county ordinances prohibiting the storage of toxins in the flood plain will be heard soon. There seems to be a chance to stop Wood Guard, but it's as slim as the budget the coalition operates on. (Send donations to C.C.A.G.R., Route 7, Box 11, Alderson, WV 24910.)

It was dusk when I got off the phone. The woods were imbued with a soft green light. I took the bucket to the spring. The water was clear as glass, cold, perfect—a simple miracle. We forget too often, take so much for granted, I thought. When I got back to the cabin, evening was falling. □

People Power

(Continued From Front Cover)

lar support than George Bush has today, Aquino responded to early coup attempts with laughable punishments and significant concessions. After the first one, officers and soldiers were sentenced to thirty push-ups. After subsequent military uprisings, she agreed to toss out of her Cabinet several advocates of social reform—old allies who had marched with Cory and her husband, Ninoy, against Marcos.

With each successive coup attempt she gave in further, shedding the promises of social change that had initially electrified crowds. Her gamble was that the concessions would appease the restive wing of the military and that her people-power supporters would stand with her no matter what. It would have been risky to stand firm against the military and try to scale back its power; Aquino would have been taking on a large, well-equipped and powerful institution. But if at the same time she had energetically embraced an action program of social and economic reform, she could have counted on the strong support of mass-based organizations of farmers, fishers, workers, women, the urban poor and tribal peoples—some 4 million to 5 million Filipinos. Farmers and workers have created the largest of these organizations: Each sector has formed a coalition of more

John Cavanagh is co-director of the world economy working group at the Institute for Policy Studies. Robin Broad is author of Unequal Alliance: The World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the Philippines (University of California Press). They recently returned from a year in the Philippines under a grant from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation.

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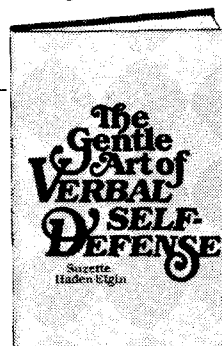
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Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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than a million members that spans the political spectrum from center to left.

But Aquino chose to turn her back on these forces and reach out to the military. The coup makers interpreted her moves as proof that coups were the way to get what they wanted. And the impoverished majority began to scale back their expectations, some even comparing Aquino to the dictatorial Marcos. One of them said to us: "You can paint a dog a different color, but it's still a dog."

In travels across the Philippine archipelago this past year, we witnessed this gradual eclipse of the Aquino honeymoon. Two-thirds of Filipinos still live and die in the countryside, scratching out an existence in one of the most unequal land distribution systems in the world. Land reform has thus traditionally been the country's hottest political issue. Not surprisingly, the centerpiece of Aquino's race against Marcos was the promise of land to the tiller. In 1987 a vastly watered-down land reform provision did pass the Philippine legislature, a body in which more than three-quarters of the members are millionaires and many are large landowners.

As implementation of the reform slowly began, all eyes turned to Hacienda Luisita, the sprawling sugar plantation that is owned by Aquino's family, the Cojuangcos. Following the letter of the loophole, the Cojuangcos seized on a provision in the legislation that allows large landlords to avoid selling their lands for distribution by offering their workers a minority share in the hacienda's stocks over a thirty-year period.

Public cynicism about Aquino's commitment to social justice deepened as the news media recounted stories of life on Hacienda Luisita. In mid-1989 we visited the plantation's sugarcane cutters in their living quarters—hot, cramped pens

in huge barracks. Children dressed in rags, with the vacant stares resulting from malnutrition, gathered around us. A plantation official explained that this was not the Cojuangcos' fault. They contract and pay only for the husband's labor; they should not be blamed if he brings along a wife and kids.

Nearby, the quarters of the family's race horses seemed plush by comparison. And each of the several thousand fighting cocks belonging to Aquino's brother (cockfighting is the leading gambling activity in the Philippine countryside) lives comfortably under its own small roof on the hacienda's grounds. Our guide brightened when we commented on their health: "We feed 'em vitamins, Ben Johnson-style."

From April to June, stories of Hacienda Luisita were pushed out of the newspapers by an even more glaring land scandal that sparked the resignation of Philip Juico, Secretary of the Agrarian Reform Department. What became known as the "Garchitorena land scam" was made possible by ambiguities in the land reform law over how to set the "just compensation" of landlords. In this case a private company, appropriately named Sharp International, bought a piece of hilly, marginal agricultural land in Garchitorena for \$150,000. Sharp then "voluntarily" offered the land to the regional Agrarian Reform Department office for more than twenty times its purchase price. The deal would have gone through had not another government agency blown the whistle at the last moment.

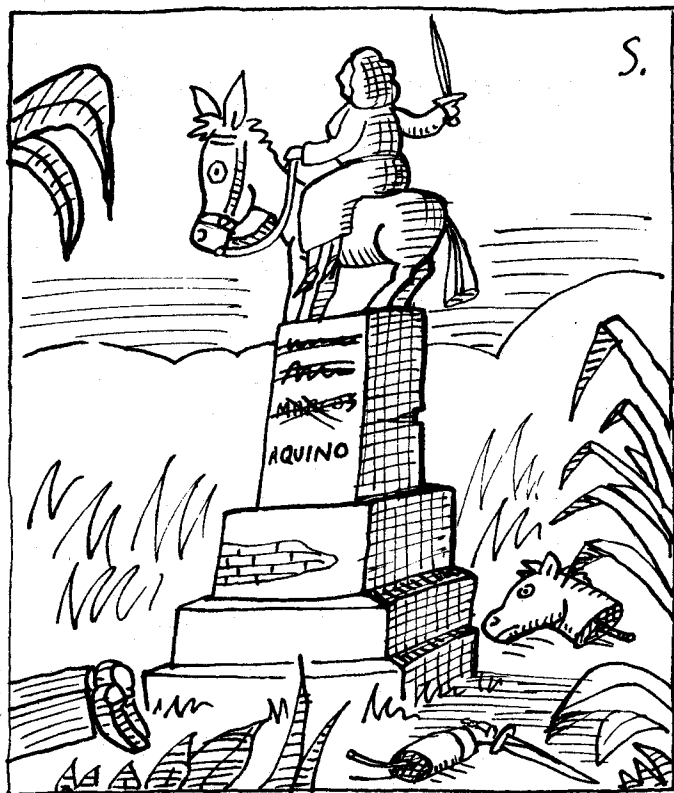
Similar stories emerged about land deals across the archipelago. The damage to Aquino was severe. To the public, including many of Aquino's strongest supporters, land reform was becoming a charade through which the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer.

Meanwhile, the government stepped up its counterinsurgency efforts in the countryside. This too came in part as a concession to the military after the coup attempts. After the collapse of peace talks with the leftist National Democratic Front, Aquino told the Philippine Military Academy in early 1987 that it was time to "unsheathe the sword of war."

The most visible offensive came in mid-1989, on the central Philippine island of Negros, whose sugar haciendas and gross inequities have made it a guerrilla stronghold. The hospitals of Manila are often deemed not good enough by the rich of Negros, and many travel to the United States to give birth. By contrast, the average Negros family loses at least one child to malnutrition.

The assault only made things worse for the poor. Within three months 280 civilians, mostly children, had died primarily of malnutrition and disease in makeshift evacuation centers. The government claimed the children's deaths were a "necessary social cost" of the war. But, as one evacuee sobbed to us, it was "hard to believe that Cory is on our side."

We heard many other stories that confirmed the increasing disillusionment with the Aquino administration. In the remote community of San Fernando on the southern island of Mindanao, a young woman explained how she and the other corn farmers who live near rapidly balding mountains became activists against the government's logging policies: "Without trees, there is no food and without food, no life."



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The farmers expected Cory to agree, and they wrote her to ask that logging concessions in the area be canceled. After many months with no reply, they decided to act. Men and women, young and old, sat down in the middle of the dirt road that leads down from the mountains. They sat behind a hand-lettered sign that announced to the logging trucks, "Loggers Stop: We Are on Picket." After twelve days of protests, the demonstrators got their first answer from the government when they were brutally dispersed by soldiers.

While little popular enthusiasm was displayed for either side in the recent coup attempt, people power is very much alive throughout the country. We visited farmers in the province of Bataan who had occupied idle lands near a pulp and paper mill and were implementing their own land reform. We witnessed the founding of an environmental group with several hundred members on the island of Palawan, the site of the only remaining extensive tropical rain forest in the country. We met with tribal Filipinos fighting an ecologically damaging geothermal energy project on the country's tallest mountain.

Aquino's tragedy thus far is that her government has either ignored or disrupted most of these actions. Further eroding her support are widespread tales of graft and corruption involving, among others, members of the President's own family. A common joke is that Aquino has "democratized" corruption, spreading it from the small circle of cronies that shared the plunder of the Marcos era down to the hundreds of thousands of lower civil servants.

Polls are notoriously unreliable in developing countries, but they offer a rough measure of public opinion. In the weeks preceding the most recent coup attempt, the polls indicated Aquino's approval rating was between 45 and 55 percent. As recently as February 1988, the figure was 76 percent. However, it would be overstating the case to say her popularity has disappeared. On December 8, eight days after the latest coup attempt was launched, 100,000 people gathered to support Aquino at the site where Filipinos had bravely kneeled before tanks in the final hours of the Marcos dictatorship. But government officials had hoped for a turnout of a million.

The coup plotters, who call themselves the "reform" wing of the military, are attempting to appeal to the disgruntled by calling for an end to graft and corruption and for a civilian-military government with a blank check to fight Asia's largest guerrilla insurgency. But by aligning with old Marcos loyalists and politicians widely perceived as opportunists, they have shown that their real goal is political power.

This time around, fewer than a dozen of the coup leaders were captured. If they strike again before Aquino's term expires in 1992, their success is likely to hinge on two developments over the next few months: the response of the

United States and the response of Aquino's government to the latest coup attempt.

U.S. interests in the Philippines revolve around two enormous military facilities, Clark Air Base and Subic Bay Naval Base, whose leases expire in 1991. Although negotiations over new leases have not started, the United States has already begun the courtship of Aquino, as is indicated by the generous mini-Marshall Plan of Western aid, which the United States was instrumental in putting together.

Quick U.S. military intervention to help put down the coup was based on the Bush Administration's calculation that the Aquino government still stood as a potent symbol of U.S. support for democracy. As such, Aquino remained the best bet for continuing a U.S.-Philippine alliance in which the Philippine government would let the bases stay and Congress would keep the money flowing. But the coup's near success inserts new variables into that equation. In any future coup attempt U.S. action will hinge on a thorough reassessment of which side it believes will best protect its interests in the medium term.

These considerations place a heavy weight on the Aquino government. Will it move deliberately against the captured coup participants and take on graft and corruption? Most important, will it carry forward the people-power agenda? Some small glimmers of hope can be found: Aquino belatedly responded to the Garchitorena scandal by appointing the government's main graft buster, Miriam Defensor-Santiago, to head the Agrarian Reform Department. And after two years of actions that culminated in a "fast for our forests" in Manila, the peasants of San Fernando finally got an audience with Aquino, who agreed to a number of their demands.

The challenge to Aquino now is to turn these isolated acts into consistent government policy. To do that she must take on the powerful landed, corporate and military forces that block reform. She has backed off from that challenge after each coup attempt, but meeting it may be her only chance to rebuild the social base that could thwart future military uprisings.

The all-important allegiance of the people in the streets—the teachers, workers and farmers—can be won back only through tangible action. Otherwise, people power is likely to leave Aquino behind. For those observing the Philippine drama from afar, it is all too easy to give a gloomy interpretation of recent events and to mourn the woes of a major symbol of democratic hope, a woman the press has portrayed as a mix of Joan of Arc and the Virgin Mary. Don't mourn. Together with Brazil, where a metal-worker came within a few percentage points of the presidency in December, the Philippines has given root to some of the most exciting popular organizations in the world. During the past year, a significant and vocal green movement has joined the fray, combining the issues of participation and equity with a concern for ecological health.

While Philippine democracy totters in the presidential palace, it thrives on the streets and in the barrios. Slowly people are building the solid foundations of a more durable democracy. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Michael Harrington, Socialist

CORNEL WEST

SOCIALISM: Past and Future. By Michael Harrington. Arcade Publishing. 320 pp. \$19.95.

The death of Michael Harrington is the end of an era in the history of American socialism. He was the socialist evangelist of our time—the bearer of the mantles of Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas. Unlike Debs and Thomas, however, Harrington was a serious intellectual. His first book, *The Other America* (1962)—with a boost from Dwight Macdonald's famous review in *The New Yorker*—thrust him into the limelight and prompted the Kennedy Administration's campaign against poverty. His fifteen other books ranged from solid history of Western socialist movements (*Socialism*, 1972) to analysis of advanced capitalist societies (*Twilight of Capitalism*, 1976), to autobiographical reflections (*The Long-Distance Runner*, 1988) to broad pronouncements about the prevailing crisis of Western civilization (*The Politics at God's Funeral*, 1984). Though far from original works, these books guided and inspired many progressives in their struggles for freedom, solidarity and justice.

Like the late Raymond Williams in Britain and the late C.B. Macpherson in Canada, Harrington carved out a vital democratic socialist space between the Scylla of Stalinism and the Charybdis of liberalism. With his early roots in Irish Catholicism he was a Pascalian Marxist who wagered boldly on the capacity of ordinary men and women to create and sustain a socialist future. Harrington was also a socialist in the American grain: experimental in method, moral in motivation and optimistic in outlook. Like Walt Whitman, John Dewey and C. Wright Mills, he believed in the possibility of social betterment by means of creative intelligence, moral suasion and political struggle. Yet he was the first great democratic socialist in the United States to be well read in the Marxist classics (his translation of Georg Lukács's "What Is Orthodox Marxism?" thirty years ago

was the first in this country) and to have mastered the details of progressive public policy. Endowed with great ambition, talent, discipline and curiosity—but no Ph.D.—he became the shining knight and activist intellectual of the democratic left for nearly three decades.

Harrington was the product of two distinct intellectual subcultures: those of the artistic bohemian radicals (centered at the White Horse tavern in Greenwich Village) and the anti-Stalinist socialists of the late 1950s and early 1960s. The former changed him from a follower of Dorothy Day's Catholic social gospel (after college at Holy Cross, a year at Yale Law School and an M.A. in English at the University of Chicago) into a secular proponent of sexual freedom and racial equality; the latter turned him into a self-styled Marxist with deep democratic sentiments. Both left subcultures were thoroughly New Yorkish and disproportionately Jewish, and thus permeated by intense conversation, bookish knowledge, oppositional outlooks and identification with the oppressed and exploited. Harrington's superb oratorical skills, voracious reading and links with the progressive wing of the labor movement were fundamentally shaped by these subcultures—which are no longer available to young intellectuals. His charisma as a progressive leader and his heritage as a public intellectual bore this particular historical stamp, and reflected as well his good nature and his ability to reconcile opposing people and ideas.

In his last book, *Socialism: Past and Future*, Harrington grapples with the most fundamental questions facing democratic socialists: Is socialism more than "the hollow memory of a passionate youth" or "humankind's most noble and useful political illusion"? Can the socialist ideal once again become credible and desirable, given its heavy "baggage of historic failure" in the form of command economies, bureaucratic authoritarian elites and repressive regimentation of ordinary people in the "actually existing" Communist countries? What are the analytical contents, practical socioeconomic arrangements and moral values that define the term "socialism"? Does the term obstruct and obscure the very ideals it purports to promote? What does it

mean to be a democratic socialist today?

Harrington's attempt to reply to these pressing questions constitutes not only a re-evaluation of the socialist life he led but also a projection of his legacy. The book was begun the day he was told that he had inoperable cancer and a limited time to live. And the text is vintage Harrington—lucid, candid, tempered yet upbeat. His basic argument is that the hope for human freedom and justice in the future rests upon the capacity of people to choose and implement democratic forms of socialization in the face of "irresponsible," "unthinking" and "unsocial" versions of corporate socialization. Harrington defines corporate socialization as a fusion of Weber's notion of rationalization, or the expansion of bureaucratic hierarchies that impose impersonal rules and regulations in order to increase efficiency, and Marx's idea of commodification, or the globalization of capital. (This takes the form of centralizing corporations that concentrate power and wealth and render people increasingly dependent on market forces to satisfy their needs and desires.) For Harrington, the fundamental choice is not between rigid command economies and "free markets," or between bureaucratic collectivist regimes and capitalist democracies. Rather, the basic choice in the future will be between a democratic, or "bottom-up" socialization and corporate, or "top-down" socialization. This choice is much more complex than it appears on the surface and is a far cry from the classic Marxist choice between socialism and barbarism posed by Rosa Luxemburg.

First, Harrington's notion of democratic socialization has nothing to do with nationalization or state control of economic enterprises. Nor is it associated with a socialist "negation" of capitalism. Instead, it is a process in which social forces—especially those brought to bear by progressive groups, associations and organizations—try to broaden the participation of citizens in the economic, cultural and political spheres of society and thus control the conditions of their existence. At present these forces are weak compared with those of corporate socialization. Orthodox Marxist-Leninists have made the fatal mistake of reducing democratic socialization to elitist nationalization, creating monstrosities that are neither socialist nor capitalist, neither free nor efficient.

Second, Harrington shows that the re-

Cornel West teaches at Princeton University and is an honorary chair of Democratic Socialists of America.



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ality of corporate socialization can be separated from rhetoric about "free markets" or the absence of state intervention in the economy. As Reagan and Thatcher illustrated, corporate socialization, despite conservative pieties about "laissez-faire" capitalism, is deeply statist, with its military buildups, socially authoritarian regimentation of the labor force, moral strictures on individual (especially women's) choices and a debt-financed public sphere.

Third, democratic socialization, in Harrington's view, entails more than workers' participation in investment decisions (including access to relevant knowledge and information) and the use of markets for nonmarket purposes. It also requires a new culture, a new civilization. Harrington's attempt to define this "new socialism" harks back to the best of the nineteenth-century utopian socialists, such as Charles Fourier, Robert Owen and the Saint-Simonians. While Harrington shuns their naïveté, moralism and messianism, he accents their feminist, communitarian and cultural radicalism. He then adds a strong antiracist and ecological consciousness that calls for a new global civilization in which wealth is distributed more equally and life is lived more meaningfully.

Harrington's project is indeed visionary. Yet he struggles to make it appear to be more than mere fantasy. So he accepts the sacred cow of the present capitalist structure of accumulation—namely, economic growth—and attempts to show how it can be channeled toward qualitative living, not merely quantitative consuming. He proposes replacing the gross national product with a new set of statistics, the qualitative national (and international) product, which would subtract from the G.N.P. environmental degradation, premature death, wasteful packaging and uninformative advertising in order to keep track of the quality of life. Further, Harrington suggests a restructuring of the United Nations and its related economic institutions—such as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund—in order to transfer resources from North to South and promote cultural differences. He emphatically points out that Third World debt not only forces cutbacks in crucial social services for the countries' poor people but also prevents the South from consuming First World goods—consumption that could fuel economic growth in both North and South. And his trenchant critique of the calculated dependence of the export-led econ-

omies of the Four Tigers (Taiwan, South Korea, Hong Kong and Singapore)—the showcase countries for conservative economists—reveals the fragility of the present international economic order. His discussion is extremely relevant to Eastern Europeans clamoring for the "free market"—that is, full integration into the corporate-dominated economic order of the West.

How will democratic socialization come about? How do we radically reform a system while working within it? How can democratic socialist practices be more than a social democracy in which corporate priorities operate within a public sector organized by liberals and managed by bureaucratic elites? And given the fragmentation and casualization of the labor force—the de-skilling and re-skilling of workers due to the automation, computerization and robotization in the workplace—who will be the major agents of social change?

Harrington approaches these questions with candor and caution. First, he assumes that any socialist conception of social change must be epochal, not apocalyptic. He finds it impossible to conceive the triumph of democratic socialization in the next fifty years. Second, he presents Sweden's social democratic order as the major inspiration—not the utopian model or flawless example—for figuring out how to overcome the most inegalitarian effects of corporate socialization. Sweden's policy of "collective capital formation," which links growth to efficiency and democratic management, and solidaristic wage demands that first reward those at the bottom of the labor force fall far short of his vision. Yet they show what can be done when pressure is brought to bear on capital in the interests of social justice and democratic participation. Harrington acknowledges the precious gains achieved by reformers as well as the structural constraints on reform. His notion of "visionary gradualism" is an attempt to walk this tightrope of short-term strategies and tactics and long-term aims.

But is he successful? Does he remain blind to possible new social forces or silent about new strategies for change? It is extremely difficult to know how to measure "success" here. Certainly social movements he did not foresee may emerge. New cleavages in the fragile conservative camp could weaken the right offensive, and structural transformations could threaten the present forms of corporate socialization. Yet it would be un-

fair to blame Harrington for failure to predict such events.

The major problem I have with Harrington's impressive project is that it remains too far removed from lived experience in advanced capitalist societies. Despite his call for a new culture, he does not discuss the civic terrorism that haunts our city streets; the central role of TV, video, radio and film in shaping the perceptions of citizens; the escalating violence against women, gays and lesbians; the racial and ethnic polarization or the slow decomposition of civil society (families, schools, neighborhoods and associations). There are no reflections in the book about the impact of the plagues of drugs and AIDS on a terrified populace or the entrenchment of jingoistic patriotism and nationalism. Although he invokes Gramsci, Harrington is more interested in the notion of "historic blocs"—coalition politics—than in the actual operations of hegemony that mobilize people's "consent" (in the forms of indifference or passivity) to the "fate" of corporate socialization. Subtle investigations into such cultural, experiential and existential realities—as intimated in the works of Georg Simmel, Lukács, Walter Benjamin, Siegfried Kracauer and other cultural critics—are needed before democratic socialization can become more than a noble ideal.

Harrington combined many of the best qualities of the old left and a genuine openness to some of the insights of the New Left. In his life and work, the fist and rose begin to come together. With the historic merger of his organization, the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, with the New American Movement in 1982, this unity-in-process, though full of tension, was manifest. His mere presence gave the new group, Democratic Socialists of America, a visibility and legitimacy in progressive circles far beyond its numbers (roughly 7,000).

Because the left is organizationally weak and intellectually timid relative to its conservative counterparts (it is armed more with journals and gestures than with programs and politicians), it has tended to rely on charismatic spokespersons and insurgent movements. Harrington's death makes this situation more apparent. The splitting of the old and New lefts from the black, brown, yellow and red lefts—dating back to the mid-1960s—exacerbates the predicament of progressives. This is why Jesse Jackson's Rainbow politics is so refreshing. It is a new multiracial attempt to channel the in-

choate left-liberal sentiments of ordinary people into an electoral campaign of national scope. Yet the legacy of Harrington, as well as those of Martin Luther King Jr., Fanny Lou Hamer and Malcolm X, as well as the efforts of feminists, greens, the Gray Panthers and gays and lesbians, deserves a movement with deeper roots. Jackson's courageous attempt to gain power at the national level is a symptom of the weakness of the left—

a sign that its capacity to generate extra-parliamentary social motion or movements has waned. The best way to keep the legacy of Harrington alive is to go beyond it by building from grass-roots citizens' participation in credible progressive projects in which activists see that their efforts can make a difference. In this way, the crucial difference that Michael Harrington made in many of our lives can become contagious. □

Consciousness Razing

WENDY BROWN

TOWARD A FEMINIST THEORY OF THE STATE. By Catharine MacKinnon. Harvard University Press. 330 pp. \$25.

Catharine MacKinnon is widely known as the Meese Commission's favorite feminist and the lawyer who, in league with Andrea Dworkin, wrote and campaigned for municipal ordinances against pornography through most of the 1980s. A.C.L.U. devotees also know her as someone who plays fast and loose with the First Amendment. "Sex radicals" know her as chief of the Feminist Sex Police. Readers of *The New York Times* know her as a brilliant, acerbic law professor who could not secure a permanent teaching position in a U.S. law school. And academic feminists know her for her *Signs* essays: Naming sexuality as the heretofore unarticulated fulcrum of all gender power and practices, these articles were proffered in 1982-83 as something of the *Grundrisse* for which there might eventually be a *Das Kapital* of radical feminism.

Das Kapital never happened. *Toward a Feminist Theory of the State* is mostly a reshuffling of previous publications on topics ranging from Marxist method to pornography and abortion. The *Signs* essays are not developed but scattered across various chapters, as is MacKinnon's thesis that the state—actually law—"sees and treats women the way men see and treat women." By MacKinnon's own account this book has been eighteen years in the making, and any work of contemporary social theory written over such an extended period is bound to be marked by discord between

even the mildest requisites of coherence, on the one hand, and changing intellectual currents and social conditions on the other. But a work of original feminist theory that has been two decades in the making and is published in 1989 suffers from a vastly magnified version of this problem. Given feminist theory's condition of near-permanent revolution since the late 1960s; its rich, agitated development and sprawl; its incessant self-criticism and self-overcomings; and its spectacular proliferation of voices, epistemologies and subjects, MacKinnon's persistent endeavor to codify *the* feminist analysis and *the* feminist method is emblematic of a profoundly static world view and an undemocratic, perhaps even anti-democratic, political sensibility. This political and intellectual rigidity, with its attendant defensiveness and dismissiveness toward others toiling in similar fields, profoundly subverts her wide erudition, searing critical faculties, sagacity about the pernicious ways of liberal jurisprudence and passion for feminist justice. The fervent, often vicious political sectarian in MacKinnon limits not only her appeal but also the motion and application of her indisputable intelligence.

In both argument and audience, much of *Toward a Feminist Theory of the State* is flatly dated. While the final third of the book is largely contextualized by the 1980s "sex wars," the first two-thirds is framed by a political-intellectual context that no longer exists—a male Marxist monopoly on radical social discourse. MacKinnon's project, common among feminist intellectuals at the dawn of feminism's second wave, is to prove to Marxists that Marxism does not work for gender—for grasping it, analyzing it, transforming it or liberating it. In chapters devoted to hammering critiques of Marx, Engels and Mill, as well as to discussions of the "housework debates," the Red-stockings, Shulamith Firestone, Kate Mil-

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lett and other relics of radical feminism's early years, MacKinnon seeks to establish that both Marxism and liberalism are premised on sexual domination cast alternately as sexual difference or sexual equality. In this, MacKinnon is clearing ground, marking off space for feminist theory and practice, as well as fighting for recognition from the boys. Besides her annoying sectarian practice of saving her greatest invective for those most politically proximate—her critique of Mill is far more nuanced and sympathetic than her treatment of Marx, just as she is kinder to unwitting victims of male dominance than to feminists who disagree with her—she is fighting an anachronistic battle. The obsolete milieu of MacKinnon's arguments is one in which the intellectual referent was always and only class analysis, the measure of oppression always and only economic, the gatekeepers of the real always men.

MacKinnon's quarrel with Marxism does not end with her explicit critique of Marx and Engels. Insistent that consciousness raising is *the* method of feminism—"as Marxist method is dialectical materialism, feminist method is consciousness raising"—MacKinnon seeks to demonstrate that an emphasis on consciousness does not betray the bourgeois character ascribed to feminism by a male left eager to discredit it. This argument also takes place in a now largely uninhabited corner. Today the dominant challenge to consciousness raising as method or epistemology comes not from unreconstructed Marxists but from students of postmodern criticism, including feminists, who question its Enlightenment model of consciousness, existence, politics and truth, and who know that a "raised consciousness" is as likely to desire fascism or erotic humiliation as to crave political freedom or sexual zen. Equally objectionable for many contemporary feminists is the assertion that feminism has one method, that it should parallel Marxism in this fashion or that it could do so without replicating the totalizing tendencies of "scientific" social theory, which violate the local, variegated, multiply determined character of social meanings and practices, especially the meanings and practices of gender.

MacKinnon's thesis about the basic mechanics of gender subordination parallels her thesis on feminist method. Synopsized in the repeated incantation, "Sexuality is to feminism what work is to Marxism," the thesis is actually neither dialectical nor historical but static and

hermetic: Gender is constituted by sexuality, the organization of desire; sexuality, gendered, is domination and submission; domination and submission are the specific hierarchy of gender, are "what gender means." Thus in male-dominated societies, domination and submission, no matter what their field of operation, are always gendered; gender, no matter what else it is ostensibly doing, is always sexualized; and sexuality, no matter who is doing it, is always hierarchically gendered. You can enter the triangle anywhere, go around it in any direction and still land in Kansas. Moreover, the presence of one of these elements in the social order always signals the presence of the other two—represented and legitimized in pornography, encoded in law, rendered invisible by liberal ideologies of privacy and rights, routinely practiced in rape, sexual harassment and incest, protected by civil libertarians fussing over the First Amendment, naturalized and depoliticized by theories of "difference" and defended by many feminists in the academy.

MacKinnon dismisses or ignores even the most obvious challenges to her argument: women whose lives appear at least as heavily marked by a gendered division of labor as by sexual objectification, same-sex sexual relations gendered in ways not easily reducible to polar inequality, or manifestations, however partial or paradoxical, of female sexual agency and pleasure. Nor does MacKinnon acknowledge the tremendous range in sexual construction and sexualities, a diversity evident even among women of one race, class and epoch, let alone across these variables. She simply ignores these things; since her ambition is to formulate the definitive theory of gender and sexuality, the question is why. Why the contention that any contemporary instance of women's sexual pleasure is tantamount to clitoral false consciousness? Why the patently reductionist and empirically groundless argument that "pornography, in the feminist [*sic*] view, is a form of forced sex, an institution of gender inequality"? Why the assertion that "what is sexual is what gives a man an erection," when a plethora of feminist writers, video and film artists, poets and activists are daily controverting such shibboleths? Why the repeated insistence that "the male perspective is systemic and hegemonic," total and ubiquitous, "metaphysically nearly perfect"? MacKinnon's answer makes clear she has not yet killed

or vanquished Marx the father but remains locked in perpetual rivalry:

Feminism has not been perceived as having a method, or even a central argument. It has been perceived not as a systematic analysis but as a loose collection of complaints and issues. . . . The challenge is to demonstrate that feminism systematically converges upon a central explanation of sex inequality through an approach distinctive to its subject yet applicable to the whole of social life.

For gender subordination to be real and radically objectionable, it must converge upon a single cause, operate systematically, compose a totality, brook no inexplicable variation across other vectors of power and create clearly marked oppressed and oppressor classes. Any expression of women's differences, as well as any moments of power, pleasure and agency that call into question the total and systematic quality of gender subordination, must therefore be explained away as illusory, challenged as liberal, fainthearted or apologist, or denounced as collaborative with the regime, all of which MacKinnon does whenever she encounters a feminist argument or practice at odds with her account. But is domination really less potent or less horrible when it is not monolithic or centrally organized? What if gender subordination cannot be made to "converge upon a central explanation" and is not systematic—does it then not exist, not hurt, not kill? Are racism and sexism less radical in effect or less worthy of political struggle because they may not resolve into a unitary origin like private property or produce a common problem like poverty?

In accord with the totalizing character of her critique, the space MacKinnon maps for political resistance is exceedingly narrow and lined with uninspiring tradeoffs. She quotes Ti-Grace Atkinson approvingly: "I do not know any feminist worthy of that name who, if forced to choose between freedom and sex, would choose sex. She'd choose freedom every time." Wondering what could possibly be the content of freedom bought in exchange for desire, many feminists in the 1980s contested the very terms of this choice as antifeminist, antisexual and ultimately antifreedom. In explorations that in MacKinnon's contemptuous dismissal "purport to be feminist," these writers and activists have conjured struggles for freedom that are no less radical for refusing MacKinnon's Manicheism,



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struggles waged as complicated quests for agency, power, equality, freedom and pleasure in what is readily acknowledged to be "a restricted country." Indeed, Joan Nestle's book by that name is a fine antidote to MacKinnon's insistence that sex and freedom are mutually exclusive for women, that sexual freedom is therefore a delusory or reactionary battle, that freedom and power are absolutes one is either accorded or denied by the regime rather than matters of resistance and struggle, only tenuously claimed yet critically empowering in the political struggle for more.

From a legacy of women's perpetual silencing and representation by men, second-wave feminists emerged with a fierce insistence that women speak for themselves, portray themselves, tell their own stories and desires. What feminism was not prepared for was the cacophony, the tower of Babel, produced by this commitment. Nor do we yet know what to do with it. Solidarity demands a united voice, and "winning" requires a campaign strategy. Yet radical democracy, especially the kind conjured by feminist appreciation of diversity in recent years, demands the widest possible theater for differing experiences, wounds, longings and visions. Within late twentieth-century conditions of increasingly concentrated state and corporate power paradoxically conjoined with increasingly fragmented and diverse identities, the conundrum of oppositional political formations and strategies becomes particularly acute: Can hegemonic power be dismantled by diverse, uncoordinated assaults from protean, unconsolidated positions and agents? Can feminist politics oriented toward transforming masculinist orders of power withstand the disintegration of a "we," and of a vision predicated upon a "we," required by feminist political principles? Can we avert the depoliticizing mystifications of liberal pluralism and individualism while developing a politics that simultaneously fights on behalf of depowered groups and embraces differences within and between those groups? Can theoretical rigor and political fervor be made to harbor analyses composed of multiple and partial logics rather than reductionist and closed ones? Can radical political critique be rendered supple and militant, porous and potent? If MacKinnon's new book of mostly old writings is worth reading, it is not because it asks such ques-

tions but because it provokes them, indeed demands that we address them. There

will be no *Das Kapital* of feminism. . . . Now what? □

Learning How to Live

DAN BELLM

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA: *A Life*. By Ian Gibson. Pantheon. 551 pp. \$29.95.

"Only mystery enables us to live, only mystery," wrote Federico García Lorca (1898-1936), the poet of Granada whose brief and prodigious career seemed the very incarnation of the anguished, mysterious force that Spaniards call *duende*. "The *duende*," as Lorca described it in a celebrated lecture, "is a power, not a work; it is a struggle, not a thought. I have heard an old maestro of the guitar say, 'The *duende* is not in the throat; the *duende* climbs up inside you, from the soles of the feet.' Meaning this: It is not a question of ability, but of true, living style, of blood, of the most ancient culture, of spontaneous creation . . . not forms but the marrow of forms."

Lorca possessed an astonishing array of talents—he was a playwright, poet, pianist, guitarist, actor, director, visual artist and expert folklorist—but his was an essentially musical gift. Not only did he electrify friends and strangers as a performer of traditional Spanish song, especially the *cante jondo*, or "deep song," of the Andalusian gypsies, but his writings still ask to be channeled through a human body—spoken, sung, shouted, stamped with the feet. Now all that is left of him is the printed page, a medium he deeply mistrusted, and around which a veritable Lorca industry has developed. "More has been written about Lorca," writes Ian Gibson in a new biography, "than about any other Spanish writer with the exception of Cervantes . . . and he is the most-translated Spanish writer of all time, the author of *Don Quixote* included."

But much ink has also served to obscure Lorca's memory—most notably, years of official lies and spurious theories about his assassination by Fascists in Granada at the start of the Spanish Civil War. And while much is known of Lorca the public figure, the spellbinding per-

former with a grandiose sense of humor, Gibson says his "desire to explore the hidden and often tormented side to Lorca's character met with constant difficulties. Many people who knew Lorca reasonably well are still unable to accept that he was either homosexual or anything other than a brilliantly endowed child of the muses, who lived his brief life without a care, in a constant whirl of success and adulation." Jorge Luis Borges, who encountered Lorca during the Spaniard's 1933-34 tour of Argentina, later sniffed that "he gave me the impression of a man acting a part. . . . I mean, he was a professional Andalusian."

Federico García Lorca: A Life, first published in Spanish in Barcelona, is a fine compilation of all the facts now likely to be learned about Lorca's life and the appalling crime of his death. For this biography Gibson gained the full cooperation of Isabel García Lorca, the poet's sister, and privileged access to the Lorca archives, which contain many unpublished manuscripts, his letters to his family and a wide range of correspondence. It is an especially great pleasure and relief to encounter a biographer who is not squeamish, scornful or silent about his subject's homosexuality—as opposed to the usual treatment of, say, Walt Whitman or Langston Hughes. And Gibson's detective work on Lorca's assassination is nothing short of heroic: He began his investigation in 1965 and broke the story to the world under the watchful eye of the Franco regime, which promptly banned his now-classic 1971 book on the subject.

But considering Gibson's twenty years of research and the breadth of his knowledge of Lorca's life, much of his writing here is oddly limp and passionless, laden with detail but short on analysis at key moments. He disputes, for example, the commonly made claim that Lorca "achieved a new emotional equilibrium" in the battle against his own sexuality during his 1929-30 trip to New York and Cuba. There is no doubt that Lorca's New York poems, and many statements to friends during this time, reveal a deep depression about "the impossible passion which destroys." But it seems equally clear that Lorca's exposure to Cuba's Afro-Hispanic, sex-positive culture was a revelation and a turning point, and

Dan Bellm is a writer and translator living in San Francisco. His translations of Central American writers recently appeared in *Clamor of Innocence* (City Lights).

from this time on, in fact, the ever-present theme of depression—Lorca's *dramones*, or "big dramas"—all but disappears from Gibson's narrative. In 1933 Lorca was to proclaim, "The day we stop resisting our instincts, we'll have learned how to live." Yet Gibson offers hardly a clue about how and when such a wondrous transformation came about.

The shallowness of the response to Lorca's writings is also a serious problem. While Gibson did not set out to write a critical biography, he does comment on most of Lorca's plays and volumes of poetry, and the emphases are quite out of balance—in particular, his attention to Lorca's deep attachment to Salvador Dali and to various pretentious works by Dali from the 1920s. Gibson calls Dali's bombastic prose poem "Saint Sebastian" "a fact of such importance in Lorca's biography that no excuse need be made for providing a translation of it here." But Gibson neglects to demonstrate this importance with any conviction. By comparison, he spends very little time with the *Gypsy Ballads*, the homoerotic *Sonnets of Dark Love*, which remained unpublished until 1984, or Lorca's crowning poetic achievement, the late collection of Arab-inspired songs, *Diwan of the Tamarit*. And given such emphasis on the years with Dali, we could surely expect a clearer verdict on the true influence of Surrealism on Lorca. Although the term "Surrealist" is still thrown like a loose wrap over much of his work, it remains doubtful that this brainy Parisian movement really mattered much to Lorca at all.

Gibson is especially hazy on what to make of the very problematic, "Surrealist" *Poet in New York*, written in a quirky, out-on-a-limb style that Lorca discarded for the rest of his career, a painful book still very hard to incorporate into the rest of the poet's radiant, generous body of work. New York seems to have overwhelmed Lorca, and he did not progress far beyond a stance of distanced revulsion toward it. Surely his odd, not to say racist, perspective on Harlem's blacks or the hateful "Ode to Walt Whitman" deserves careful scrutiny from a biographer. Gibson calls this "great" ode "one of the least understood of Lorca's poems" but sheds no light on why it should be understood as great. While he is very hard, and rightly so, on the homophobia of Lorca's right-wing enemies, he offers a rather lenient gloss ("to be manly . . . was one of Lorca's great hang-ups") on the ode's repugnant diatribe

against "the faggots of the cities," whom Lorca calls "flesh for the whip/the boot, or the teeth of the lion tamers . . . tumescent flesh and unclean thoughts./ Mothers of mud. Harpies . . . who give boys/drops of foul death . . . murderers of doves!/Slaves of women." Indeed, critic John Ash recently remarked that "Lorca's fear, confusion and lack of self-knowledge led him to write words that would not have been out of place on the lips of his assassins."

Still, the careful and comprehensive research that went into *Federico García Lorca: A Life* will no doubt keep it irreplaceable for many years. The closing chapters on the political scene in Granada in the mid-1930s and on Lorca's death are especially skillful, a model of restraint in a context in which many biographers would have delivered a tirade or a eulogy. The book ends aptly with Lorca's death certificate, a deceitful document drawn up in 1940 by Granada authorities to declare that he had died "from war wounds." "It sounded for all the world," Gibson notes with terse, mournful anger, "as if the poet had been the unfortunate victim of a stray bullet." □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

The Tempest
A Few Good Men
Three Poets
Grand Hotel
Gypsy

Stripped of its gossamer fancy and 24-karat poetry, *The Tempest* is a rather nasty story, and its protagonist has to be Shakespeare's most unflattering self-portrait as a duplicitous tyrant. The current production at the Roundabout, directed by the Royal Shakespeare Company's Jude Kelly in her New York debut, dispenses with most of the gossamer and gives a fairly vivid account of that half of the play in which the villains are on view. Costumed (by Lindsay Davis) as eighteenth-century fops, with white wigs gone limp from the tropic heat, Rocco Sisto and Gabriel Barre as Antonio and Sebastian tend to steal the show from its official stars, Frank Langella and B.D. Wong. Langella's stage presence is uncanny, but not in any way related to *The Tempest*: He looks exactly like Sean Connery and

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sounds exactly like James Mason. (My companion at the Roundabout left the performance marveling at this double correspondence without a hint from me.) For sheer suavity and unction, Langella's Prospero couldn't be bettered, but he resides on a singularly charmless island, in a concrete bunker designed by Franco Colavecchia, all so dreary it makes one question whether enchantment is really a worthwhile career prospect.

So did B.D. Wong's Ariel. Wong, who has shown what he is capable of in *M. Butterfly*, can't be held accountable for the ethereal blandness of his Ariel. Kelly has decreed that he must be a fairy in the genteel Victorian tradition, not ambiguous of gender but simply sexless—the kind of slave best suited to Langella's decorous Prospero. Wong is equally ill served by Davis's costume (tights and a cameo haircut, later a shabby black cloak) and by the Michael Ward music that he must sing, the aural equivalent of bottled butterscotch sauce. His last hope of producing any kind of effect is subverted by the diffidence (not to say dullness) of the stage magic, the realization of which is left almost entirely to our imaginations—or to a crew of sprites that first

appears as a band of mummies and finally in drag to perform a masque that is the nadir of this production, with all the speaking parts excised and Juno and Ceres's song given to Ariel, a final millstone around Wong's neck. When Prospero rises, affrighted, to stop the show, he has the gratitude of everyone in the house.

In the absence of stage magic, Shakespeare's meanings become more visible. *The Tempest* is a play about racial and sexual disenfranchisement. Even more than *The Taming of the Shrew*, it asks for a feminist deconstruction. Prospero, ousted as Duke of Milan, has moved to a tropic isle, deposed its female ruler (a witch) and enslaved her son (a monster), whom he periodically tortures. He barterers his daughter's sexual privileges for the forced labor of her fiancé. He derives his magic powers from a spirit, Ariel, whose sex and race are meticulously obscured. The action centers on two threatened usurpations, by the lordly Sebastian and the protorevolutionary butler Stephano (a scene-stealing performance by Michael John McGann), assisted by Caliban. If the ambiguously sexed Ariel is to be identified as homosexual, then there is

not a single element of the contemporary Rainbow Coalition that is not allegorized as either an enemy or a minion in Shakespeare's schema. No doubt this is why Langella must live by his charms alone; to dig into the role for its meat and its meaning would be to discover a character liable to offend or embarrass modern sensibilities. The iron-fisted subtext has become almost nakedly visible through the worn velvet of the Bard's verses. Little wonder he retired after *The Tempest*: His genius was taking him perilously close to the reefs of those truths that Power, behind whatever mask, had best not explore.

A *Few Good Men* suffers similarly from a subtext the playwright, Aaron Sorkin, has tried to sweep under the rug. It is, even so, a pretty good play, and it has been given a production that maximizes all its virtues, with Tom Hulse (who played Mozart in the movie of *Amadeus*) as a teddy bear of a defense attorney in a military court-martial and Stephen Lang as a psychotically gung-ho Marine Corps lieutenant colonel, whom the audience recognizes, from his first sharkish smile, as the real villain, for whom the defendants, two enlisted men blindly obeying orders, are taking the rap. The play's first act is mechanically perfect, engaging our sympathies for the good guys and rousing our ire against the baddies. (Ted Marcoux merits a Best Supporting Actor Tony nomination for his role as a lieutenant as sanctimonious as he is sadistic.)

In the court-martial scenes of the second act the drama slowly deflates—first, because the mystery elements are so exiguous that they wouldn't have sufficed for a Hardy Boys adventure, but more fundamentally because the gung-ho colonel, in his big scene, when he must fall to pieces and show his true colors after the manner of Captain Queeg, offers a very unpersuasive rationale for his ill deeds. He justifies the brutal hazing of a troublesome private and his subsequent death by appealing to the requirements of national defense, completely skirting those issues that have made Act I interesting: the covert sadomasochism that is an immemorial feature of U.S.M.C. esprit de corps and the homoerotic subtext of a hundred war movies and recruiting posters, always so visible but never discussed.

I rather suspect that so savvy a villain as Lieut. Col. Jessep would have under-

THE MIDDLE YEARS

Never mind the moon,
the sun turned summer-silver,
the squealing bluejays fighting for a tree.
Living on hardscrabble, what we desire

lies buried under years of crops.
Memories alone can't hold good children back,
for they've heard rumors: something is out there
that shouldn't be, futures only they

must own. They rise on silver wings
and disappear, seeking their fortunes
in cities, far from summer sun on prairies.
At noon, we drag cane-bottomed chairs

under the only oak and watch hawks glide
on thermals. For months, the only clouds
were rain in distant counties.
Nothing we know brings water out of stone,

though we've heard rumors. Out here,
we live on beans and flour, *fajitas*
braised over mesquite roots, red peppers
that make us weep. We feed the goats

and keep the windmills turning, humming
the same old country and western tunes
to stay human, sleeping with windows
open wide, tossing, kicking the sheets.

Walter McDonald

stood that the purpose served by "Code Red" hazing is not national defense but the sublimation and exploitation of homosexual energies in a subculture in which their overt expression is more taboo than incest or cannibalism. This, surely, is the reason the armed forces are so intensely opposed to tolerating admitted homosexuals in their ranks: The system only works if it remains unexamined. The author merits a medal for his work in maintaining the system's cover story, and it will probably come to him in the form of a Tony or an Oscar (he's already at work on the screenplay). The guy is a pro.

Romulus Linney's *Three Poets*, at the Theatre for the New City, is a suite of three short plays on the subject of oppressed women avenging themselves through the art of poetry. The most substantial of the three pieces takes place on the day of Stalin's death and features Kathleen Chalfant as Anna Akhmatova and John McKay as a Stalinist bureaucrat tormenting her. It is an altogether more cogent reading of the runes of the Stalinist past than Harold Pinter's recent and much overpraised *Mountain Language*. Not completely by coincidence, both plays share a central image of a woman rendered mute and statuelike by waiting in an endless line outside a prison. The image, as Akhmatova's readers will know, derives from her greatest poem of protest, "Requiem." Linney's play is about Akhmatova's poem, so the tribute is intrinsic. (Pinter must have come upon it by osmosis.) Even so, the events of the past weeks have diminished the impact of Linney's prophetic vision. Akhmatova in her poem insisted that if a statue of her is ever to be erected, it should depict her waiting in a line of visitors outside a prison. It does not seem inconceivable that such a memorial could be erected soon.

Grand Hotel is the second musical of the season to have taken root on Broadway and settled in for a long run, and like the first, *Meet Me in St. Louis*, it is based on a classic movie. In this case, I'd never seen the original, with Greta Garbo, two Barrymores, Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery, so I was able to come to it with the eyes of innocence. I enjoyed it a whole lot, but it was a mistake not to have rented a videotape of the movie beforehand (instead of, as I did, after), since one of the pleasures of *Grand Hotel: The Musical* (to give it its full

title) is the constant artful cross-referencing to the original footage. Indeed, almost all the fun *Grand Hotel* offers is at least one cerebral remove from naïve vicarious entertainment, as when, at what ought to be its supremely tear-jerking moment, from out of nowhere an adagio team appears to dance a bolero representing (a narrator informs us) the tragic confluence of love and death. "Oh boy," I thought, but then I sat back and enjoyed a terrific bolero danced by Yvonne Marcceau and Pierre Dulaine.

Dance is what *Grand Hotel* is all about. Director and choreographer Tommy Tune has marshaled the forces available to him to create a musical that approaches the condition of ballet in much the way that *Les Misérables* or *Sweeney Todd* approach the condition of opera. He has had the stage stripped to an irreducible pictorial minimum and, taking his cue from the movie, has made the stage-center revolving door the play's informing image. There is a ceaseless flow and circling of bodies on stage, so that the hotel's lobby becomes a kind of annex of its ballroom. During much of the evening the background is more interesting than the foregrounded action—but not distractingly; rather, like good orchestration, by way of intensification.

The history of this musical represents a ballroom-sized convergence of forces. First, Vicki Baum's novel of 1929, which became a Broadway hit in 1930 and the first all-star talkie in 1931, with the various creative inputs of adapters, directors and actors. Later, the songwriting team of Robert Wright and George Forrest (of *Song of Norway* and *Kismet* fame) did an ur-version of the present musical, with a book by Luther Davis, which flopped. That was fortunate; otherwise, Maury Yeston would not have been called in decades later to spruce up the ur-lyrics and add several songs of his own. Yeston's contributions are essential to the show's basic viability, but there still wanted one further creative zap to bring *Grand Hotel* to life, the all-informing directorial vision of Tommy Tune, without whom this would be one highly embroidered sow's ear.

The individual performances range from O.K. to K.O. The two best numbers were the bolero referred to above and a drunken Charleston by Michael Jeter, an actor not previously noted as a dancer, who, alone in the cast, creates a character more memorable than his movie counterpart (Lionel Barrymore). Liliane

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Monteverchi, in the Garbo role of the aging ballerina, has the advantage of actually being a ballerina, and a singer to boot (eight years of stardom at the *Folies-Bergère*), but in the constant scurry of Tune's staging there is never time to develop the reverent, soft-focused haze that envelops Garbo in the movie and makes her an icon of romance. Even so, Monteverchi has her moments of glory, as do Karen Akers as her platonically adoring companion (such a voice), Jane Krakowski in the Joan Crawford role of Flaemmchen (an ingénue dewy as the young Debbie Reynolds) and even David Carroll as the jewel thief and heartthrob Baron Von Gaigern, on whose shoulders falls most of the weight of the book's melodrama, a burden he must support without benefit of boffo musical numbers of his own. He partners gracefully, and that is an art in itself.

As to the nature of Tommy Tune's peculiar genius, words can't tell.

To convey *Gypsy's* merits, however, requires no more than a thumb, since it is so much a known quantity and sure-fire hit, provided only that the role of Rose, the King Kong of show-biz moms, is undertaken by a star of sufficient magnitude. Tyne Daly (known to followers of television's *Cagney and Lacey*) is such a star, and she is ably partnered by Jonathan Hadary as Herbie, the boyfriend in fealty to Rose's charisma, and Crista Moore as Louise, a latter-day Cinderella whose apotheosis isn't a match with Prince Charming but top billing as a stripper, none other than Gypsy Rose Lee. If the essence of the Broadway musical is that a thoroughly engrossing story is propelled by a succession of songs that are memorable in their own right, then *Gypsy* is the quintessential musical. It doesn't offer a lot in the way of glitz or production values, but only Macduff, at whose birth there was no mother, could fail to register the emotional wallop of its book (Arthur Laurents), score (Jules Styne), lyrics (Stephen Sondheim), direction (Laurent again) and star. And even that honor roll is not complete, since Jerome Robbins figured as director, choreographer and demiurge for the original production, and his contributions are intact and intrinsic.

See it, and if you know anyone in the 13-18 age category with any musical susceptibility, take them along. *Gypsy* is one of those works of art, like *Catcher in the Rye*, that can turn teenagers to jelly. □

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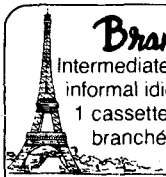
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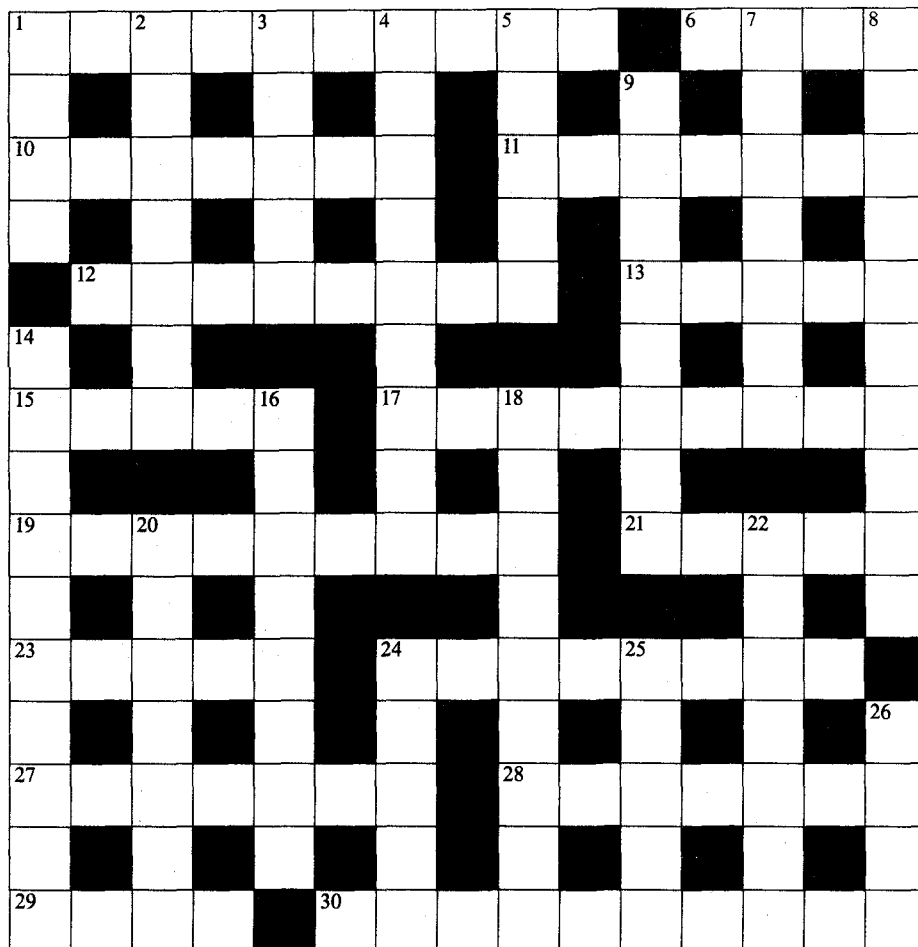
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ACROSS

- 1 A little space between things when it is recent? (10)
- 6 A lot of alcohol at one time might not work in the machine! (4)
- 10 Apply too much heat to the drink, and you might have a problem for the guests! (7)
- 11 Drink served in Rome, in Karachi, Antioch and other places. (7)
- 12 There's nothing in the lists of names for them to crow about! (9)
- 13 Hands for that vacation ocean voyage, one hears. (5)
- 15 How dishes might come to be part of the picture? (5)
- 17 In a careful way, work around the primitive part of the Bible. (9)
- 19 A good collection of leaves bound to be here! (9)
- 21 It should be hot at the end of several months. (5)
- 23 A female factor, with some trouble coming back. (5)
- 24 The girl who had the maids lined up takes an unusual tour inside a place where a body might stay. (8)
- 27 A pop fly might offer a simple excuse! (4,3)
- 28 Look in a Washington book for a place in the East. (7)
- 29 See 26 down
- 30 Sounds like Asia and Africa show some self-restraint! (10)

DOWN

- 1 Cleft chin that might be associated with the foot. (4)
- 2 A likely place to look for such as *The Tempest*? (At least you might find something brewing!) (7)
- 3 Brings up what a frightened horse sometimes does. (5)
- 4 They reputedly have a voice, with the English Pope upset over the French. (3,6)
- 5 Crows with them are supposed to come early. (5)
- 7 A ten-line composition, but not a strict version. (7)
- 8 Get a mystery writer, and you'll find those who are opposed. (10)
- 9 Constituting a separate thing, it sounds respectful of propriety. (8)
- 14 It might keep one from practicing, and brands time false (10)
- 16 One has to have had the will to be one. (8)
- 18 See 26 down
- 20 Does a playful one seem moribund? (It takes a little work on the bone to add up the result.) (7)
- 22 Is any profit impossible if you do get a good deal? (7)
- 24 A word of French to one that might be framed, and possibly hung. (5)
- 25 One in an uncommon noun supposedly has a lot of strength. (5)
- 26, 18 and 29 across Lipstick and such for that disreputable weekend? (Do it in a hurry!) (4,2,3,4,4)

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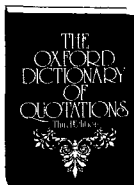
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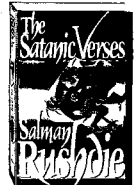
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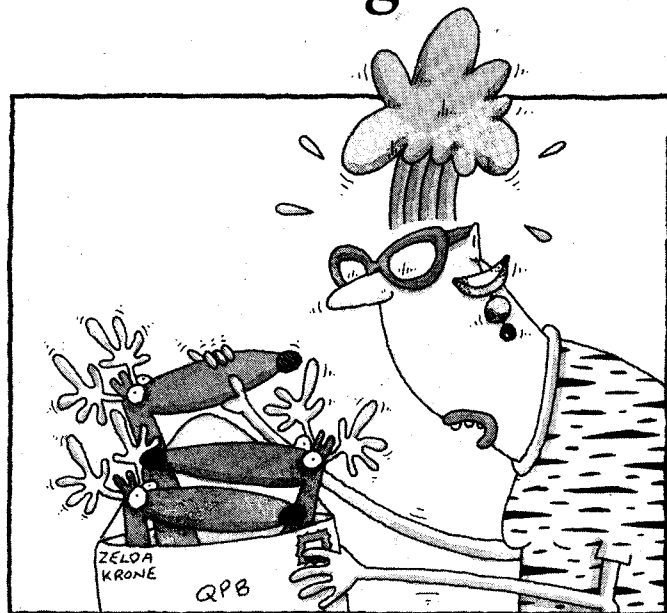
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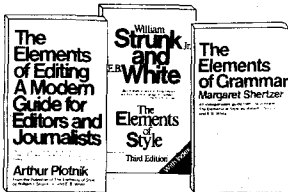


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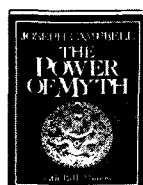
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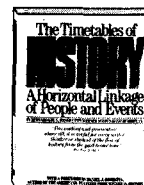
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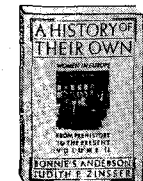
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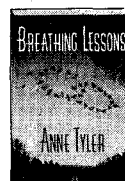
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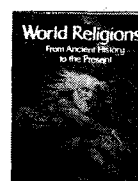
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